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Michael Milken and His Enemies

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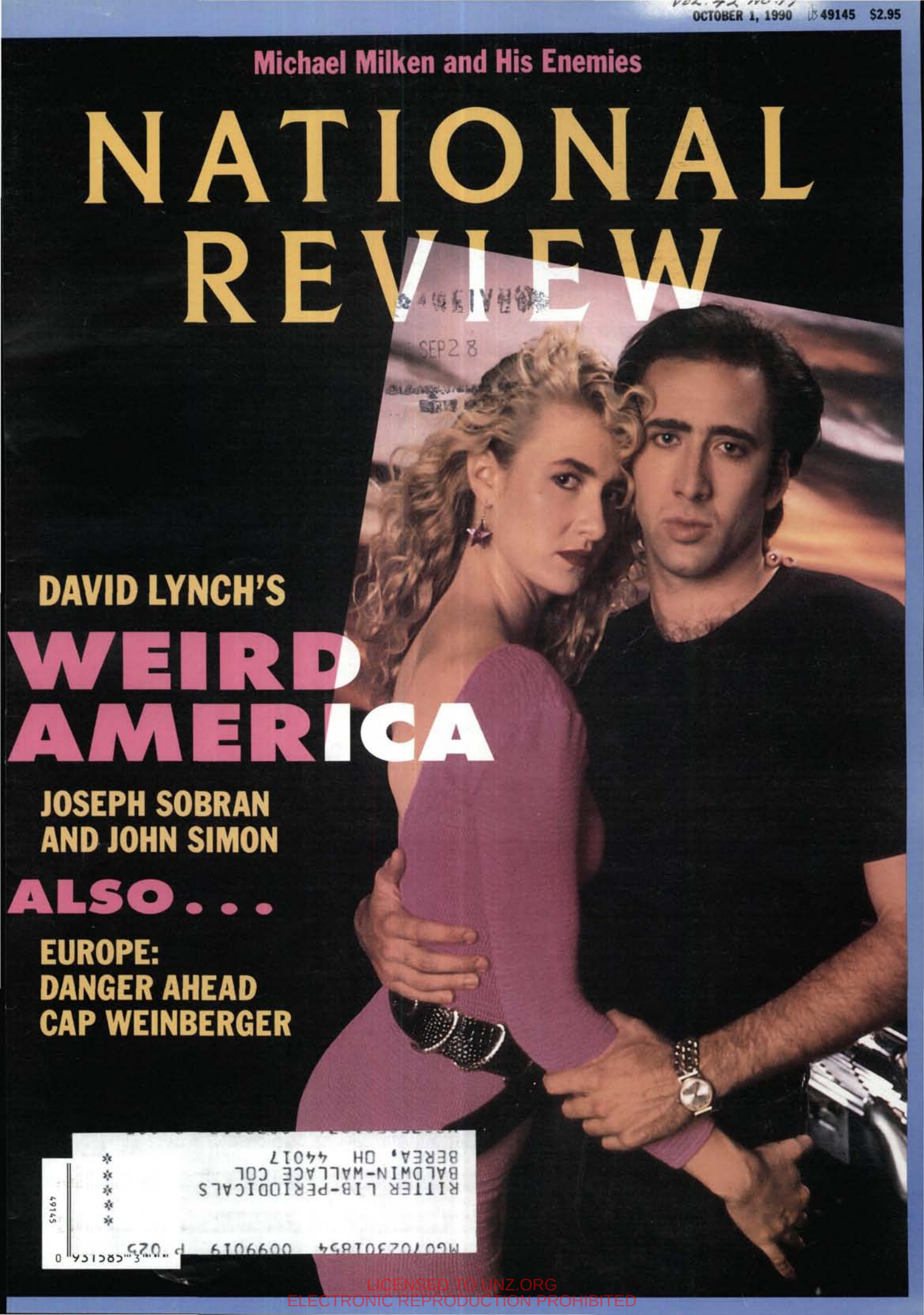

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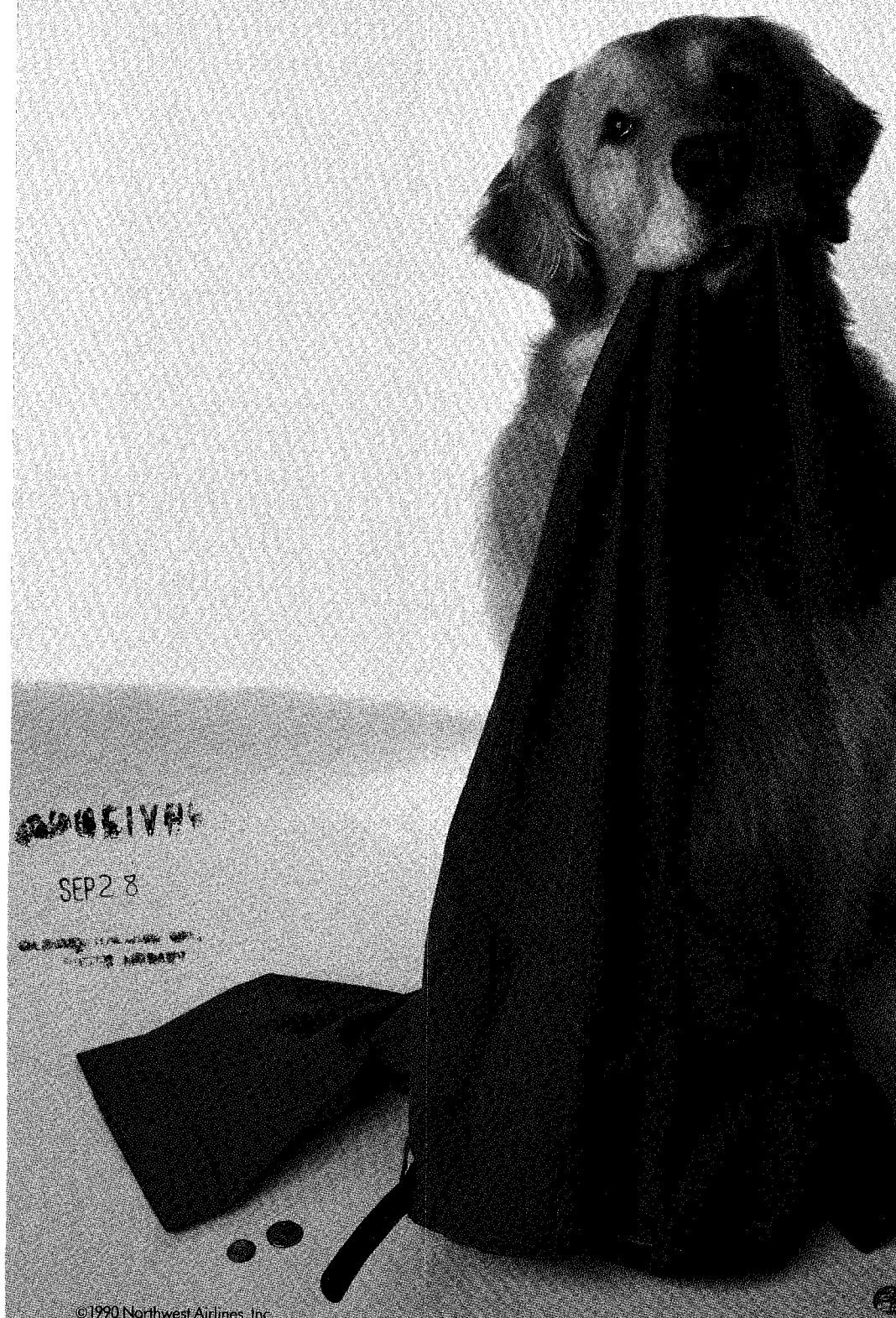

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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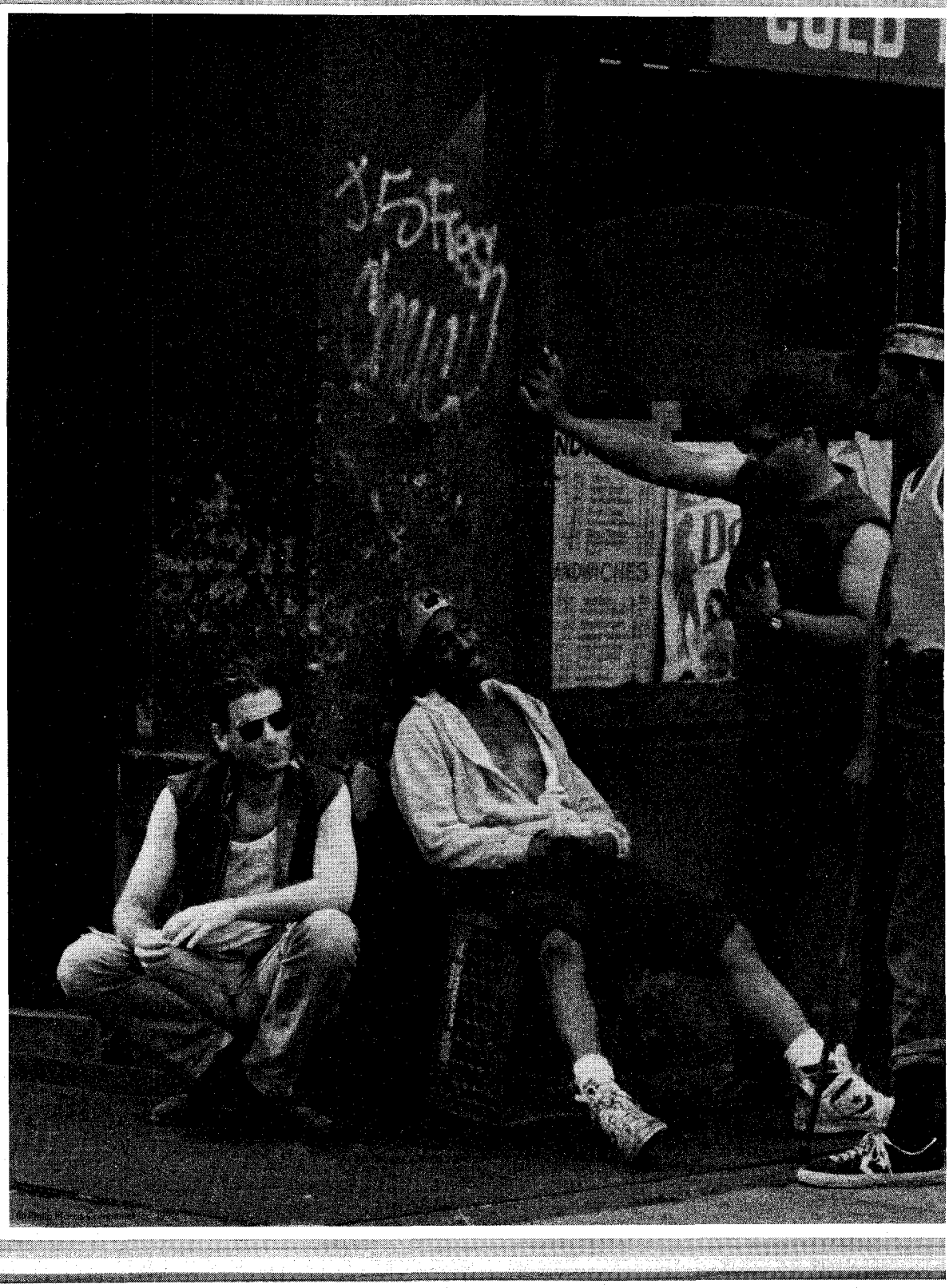

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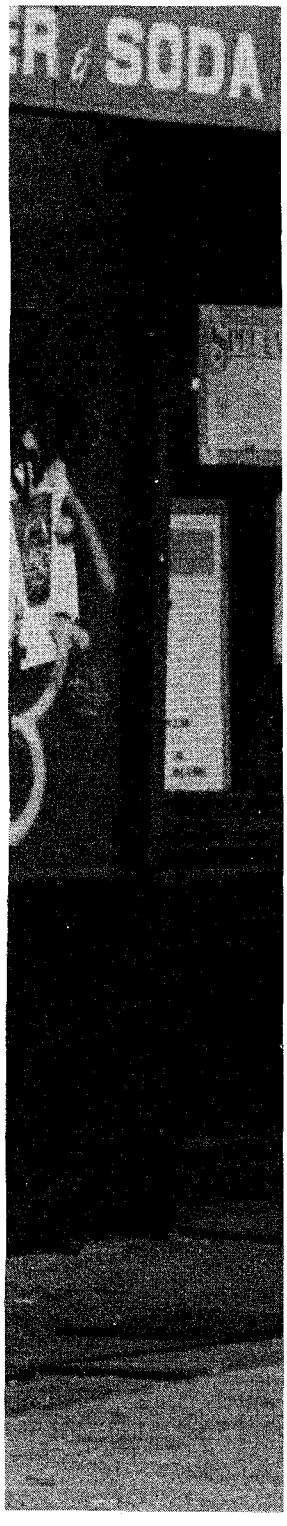

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LETTERS

Undefeated Marines

An *NR* editorial refers to "the U.S. defeat at the Chongsin Reservoir" ["Korea: Forty Years Ago," "The Week," Aug. 20]. I was a member of the First Marine Division, the unit at the reservoir (whose name, by the way, is either Changjin, in Korean, or Chosin, in Japanese) in Korea in 1950. No Marine I know considers it a defeat. The Eighth Army on the west coast of Korea began to collapse after the Marines had been ordered to try to relieve Chinese pressure on them. On the east coast, far from the Marines, Army units of the Tenth Corps were in disarray. The Marines were isolated betweeen them, and our supply line to the sea had been cut.

The Marines pulled all units together just south of the reservoir, including two regiments sent to try to rescue the Eighth Army from defeat before it collapsed. After rescuing many abandoned Tenth Corps Army troops from the ice on the reservoir, and surrounded by eight or nine Chinese divisions, the Marines, in effect, circled the wagons, reversed direction, and fought to the coast to be evacuated. Although we left some dead buried at the reservoir, we brought out our wounded. No one surrendered.

We reached Hungnam with the division intact. That it was still a fighting unit was proved when the First Marine Division was sent ashore again in the south. We boarded ships in good order with our heads held high. We had not been defeated.

J. E. Nolan
Captain, USMC (Retired)
Garrett Park, Md.

A Delicate Issue

Your reference to John Silber ["The Week," Aug. 20] raised the important point of how policy-makers have not come to terms with the need to make hard choices in the allocation of scarce health resources.

The fundamental issue, suggests Daniel Callahan, a leading medical ethicist at the Hastings Center, is "what is the extent of our common obligation as a society—using the instruments of government—to provide health care for the elderly?"

As tempting as it is to employ every medical and technological advance in the care of any patient, real questions exist over whether much of this technology is worth its cost to our health-care system. Medicare costs, for instance, are now growing at a rate of 8 per cent annually. By 2040, those over 65 will make up 20 per cent of the population. Some 25 to 35 per cent of the nation's medical expenditures in any given year go to the 5 or 6 per cent of that group who die during that same year. Critics say that that care could be more beneficially directed elsewhere.

While few wish to limit the development of technological advances in medicine, policy-makers have to ensure that the high cost is justified by its use among groups who benefit most.

Mr. Silber might have posed his hard questions more delicately, but they are questions that, as a society, we must begin to ask ourselves.

Richard L. Cravatts
Brookline, Mass.

Linguistic Differences

John O'Sullivan warns that the U.S. should not jeopardize its "cultural and linguistic unity" by admitting Puerto Rico as a state ["From the Editor," July 23]. Then an *NR* editorial repeats these sentiments against "multiculturalism" by stating: "What we don't want [with Puerto Rico] is a countrywide Quebec" ["The Week," Aug. 20].

If the nation were to adopt this Tory standard as the litmus test for whether a territory or province is suitable for statehood, then Hawaii (with its Polynesian culture) and Alaska (with its Eskimo, Indian, and Russian cultures) would surely have been ruled ineligible. And what of Texas (which was—and in many parts still is—a predominantly Latin, not Anglo, culture) and, for the same reason, New Mexico?

The point is, many states admitted to join the original 13 colonies had distinctive, and not always European, cultures, which readily blended in the American melting pot. Indeed, multiculturalism *is* the American culture.

Stephen Moore
Fellow
Alexis de Tocqueville Institution
Washington, D.C.

English is the lingua franca *of Hawaii and Alaska—and of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. While the last-mentioned states were Spanish—and then Mexican—possessions before the Mexican War, they duly adopted the prevailing English-speaking American culture when they joined the United States. The large number of Spanish-speakers currently in these states is owing to individual migration.*

The history of American immigration shows such immigrants reserving their original culture for the private sphere of home, church, and club, and entering fully into American culture based on the English language in schools, the workforce, and public affairs in general. Official multiculturalism and Puerto Rican statehood would serve to disrupt this linguistic and cultural unity and thus, in the long term, the political unity based upon it. —JO'S

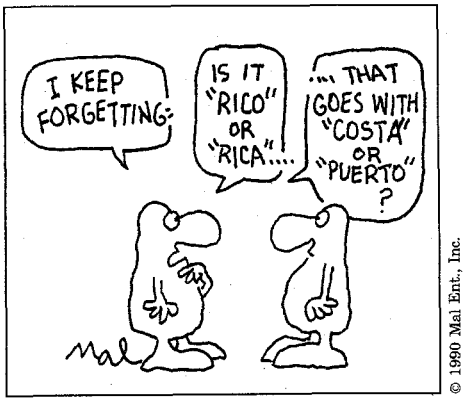
Martyr Trouble

Jared Lobdell was "winging it" in his review of the two new Frank Peretti novels ["Books, Arts & Manners," Aug. 20]. Nate Saint—along with five companions—was martyred in Ecuador (not Brazil, as Mr. Lobdell stated) in January 1956. "The blood of martyrs is seed" (as Tertullian put it), but the geographical correlation for missionaries is doubtful.

Freeman Barton
Oakland City, Ind.

Correction

Through an editing error, a sentence in "Republican Party: Holding Its Own" (Sept. 17) implied that S&L-tainted Representative Frank Annunzio (D., Ill.) was coming into this year's race off a narrow 1988 victory. Annunzio's share of the vote in 1988 was indeed low for him—65 per cent. Republican Walter Dudycz has reason to hope that the S&L scandal will make it substantially lower this time around. —ED.



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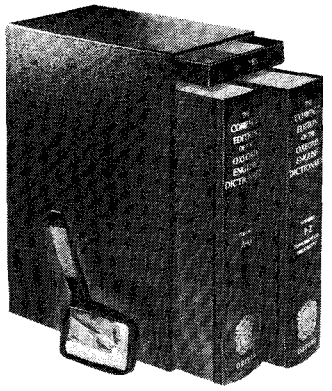

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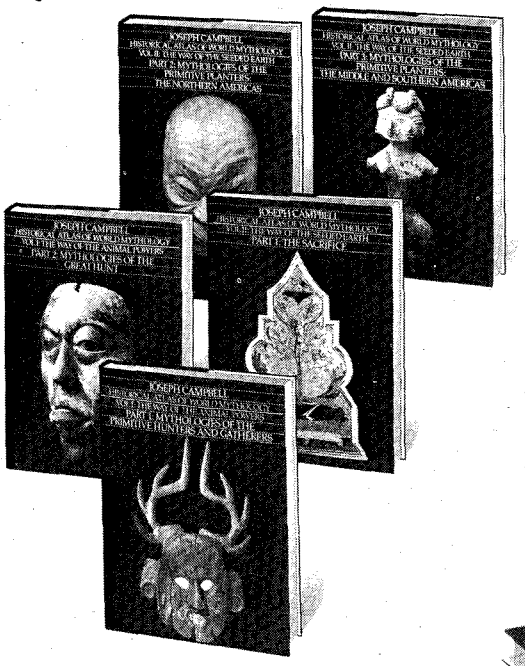

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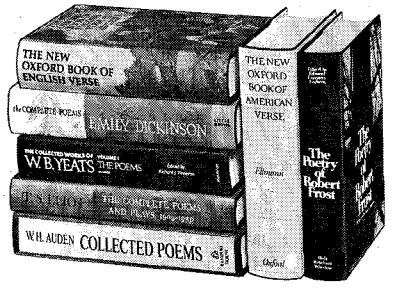
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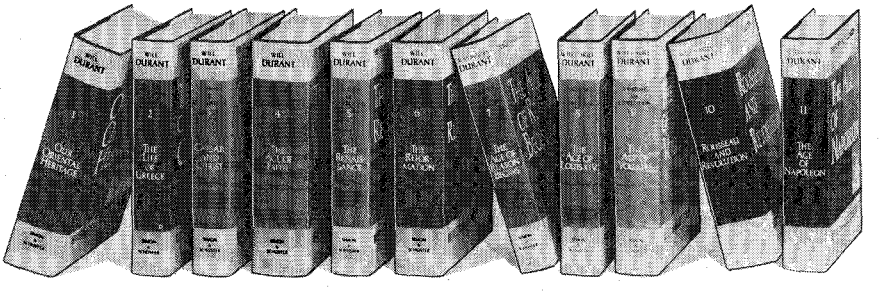

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FROM THE EDITOR

Then Fancies Flee Away!

■ *Munich*—I have often wondered why the Mont Pelerin Society has not received more attention from the Left. Only the eccentric Lyndon LaRouche has focused on it, fitting the Society into his weird conspiracy theory alongside the Guelphs, the Knights of Malta, the Queen of England, and drug kingpins. Yet the MPS is, so to speak, "our" Trilateral Commission, bringing together leading conservatives and classical liberals such as Milton Friedman and its founder, F. A. Hayek, from five continents.

It exercises a great but subterranean influence. But how? All that the Society does is discuss ideas relating to the free society. But in the process friendships are made across continents. And the ideas exchanged duly find their way into the international bloodstream. After a short interval, Communism collapses.

■ Do I exaggerate? Perhaps. But consider: Hayek's theories of spontaneous order in economics, politics, and social life have a large following in Eastern Europe. A Soviet economic reformer brought his book on Milton Friedman to Munich to present it to the great man. And the sessions on Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union were addressed by such classical liberals now in power there as Vaclav Klaus, the Czech finance minister.

The customary explanation is "the power of ideas." But that phrase must be used with some caution. Few ideas are more powerful than socialism, which entrances the minds of its devotees with visions of a new world in which freedom and equality reign in perfect harmony. By contrast, conservative and libertarian ideas, being realistic, are often dry and lacking in charm. Their power consists of their congruence with reality. They work by bringing us down to earth. As Macaulay said, better an acre in Middlesex than a principality in Utopia. And better by far than a *dacha* in the Utopian Soviet Socialist Republic.

■ But even reformed socialists find it difficult to relinquish their dreams entirely. Vaclav Klaus warned that Eastern European reform was still bedeviled by the "rationalistic constructivism" of reformers. Some were seeking a Third Way ("the quickest way to the Third World"), some a version of market socialism, and others "pragmatic" solutions without private property and the abolition of price control. All were disguised blueprints for rule by irresponsible intellectuals.

The Czechs hope to avoid these dangers by certain rules. Partial reform is much worse than non-reform. Perfect reform, on the other hand, is a recipe for non-reform. And practical reform does not need all its details spelled out in advance if the fundamentals are right. As Klaus put it: "In order to play chess, one must know the rules . . . how to move various pieces on the chessboard . . . But it is not possible to know the situation at the chessboard after the 15th or 25th move."

■ There was even a faint trace of "rationalistic constructivism" at Munich. Nobel laureate James Buchanan advanced ideas for a European federal constitution on the U.S. model. They were inspired by the conviction that the nation-state is little more than a set of emotional associations resulting from transfer payments and, as an expression of collectivism, destined to follow socialism into the grave. And they specified all the right provisions to deter inflation and intervention.

But designing a constitution to fuse 12 national identities and at least nine languages is itself an exercise in rationalistic constructivism. And would a Europe designed by Jacques Delors be liberal or socialist? There is, after all, a family resemblance between the constructivist enterprises of socialism and federation-building. May not supra-nationalism haul socialism out of the grave it seems destined for in individual nation-states?

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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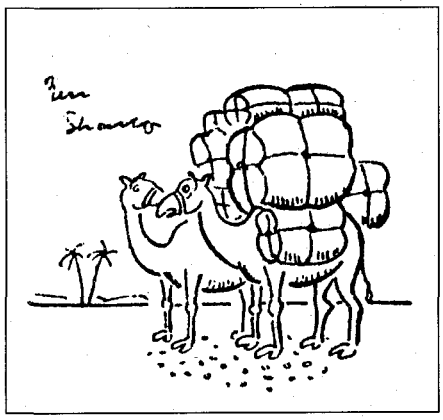
ON THE RECORD

■ Credit where it's due. *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** says: "If the Persian Gulf has proved anything it is that we bought a lot more in the military buildup of the 1980s [under **Ronald Reagan**] than the overpriced toilet seats Pentagon critics held up to constant ridicule. That buildup gave us an airlift and sealift capacity that made this deployment a logistic miracle. The fear of America's air and ground weaponry caused **Saddam Hussein** to halt his advance—and would be the telling difference if war comes." . . . **Evans & Novak** estimate there are a thousand Soviet military advisors in Iraq (not the hundred or so **Gorbachev** admits to) to help service the $23.5 billion worth of military equipment the USSR sold Iraq between 1982 and 1989. . . . The terrorist core of Palestine liberation movement—**Abu Nidal**, **George Habash**, **Abu Ibrahim**, **Abu Abbas**—have relocated to Baghdad. Abu Abbas, who engineered *Achille Lauro* hijacking, has called for the overthrow of all Arab regimes that oppose Saddam. . . . Ten Arab countries that support Saudi Arabia have notified Peking they will pull out of Asian Olympics if Iraq is allowed to compete. **Chamanlal Mehta**, secretary general of Asian Olympics, says a vote of participating nations on Iraq's status will be taken September 20. . . . *The Nation* has blasted President **Bush**'s Middle Eastern initiative as "naked imperial intervention" and predicts that Bush's policy, like "many of Hollywood's disappointing summer blockbusters that started out big, [will shrivel] after a few weeks." . . . Pollster **Everett Carll Ladd** begs to differ. A study of public opinion in last fifty years, says Ladd, indicates future support for Bush initiative will "depend not on supposedly fickle patience, but upon whether the public sees the policy being effectively advanced." Late polls show American support of military action against Iraq ranging from low of 64 per cent (**Gallup**) to high of 79 per cent (ABC News).

■ Returning congressmen are getting an alarming message: the country is fed up with spendthrift government. Seventy per cent of voters in recent *New York Times*/CBS poll said they would be less likely to support a congressman who voted to increase his own salary; 59 per cent feel no serious effort has been made by Congress to decrease the deficit. . . . Gov. **Jim Florio** of New Jersey, elected in a landslide in November, has seen his approval rating slip to 23 per cent after ramming through major new taxes. . . . There's a chance that Republican **Dan Mangini** could win in Florio's old, heavily Democratic 1st CD in November, so deep is the anti-tax feeling. . . . In California, **Tom Hayden**'s Big Green environmental proposition on the November ballot—which would cost state and local governments an estimated $3 billion a year—is running into trouble. Passage no longer seems assured. . . . Connecticut newspapers and commentators having fine old time with **Lowell Weicker**'s reluctance fully to disclose his finances. They're trotting out a statement he made in U.S. Senate back in 1977: "A no-exceptions policy of financial disclosure," said Weicker at the time, "will ensure accountable ethics rather than a muddle of self-regulation." . . . According to *National Journal*, Sen. **Joseph Lieberman**, who replaced Weicker in '88, is "the most conservative Northern Democrat" in the Senate. In past two years Lieberman has supported a) aid to anti-Communist forces in Cambodia, b) restoration of **Oliver North**'s pension, c) a capital-gains tax cut, and d) **Noriega**'s removal from Panama, by force if necessary, prior to the fact. Lieberman's ACU rating is 32 per cent; Weicker's lifetime rating was 4 per cent. . . . Other House races of interest: Georgia's 4th CD, where conservative State Rep. **John Linder** is gaining on incumbent, actor **Ben Jones**. (Jones won in 1988 against Rep. **Pat Swindall**, who was under indictment at time.) Jones is one of twenty endangered congressmen this year, according to *Roll Call* magazine. . . . Another of the endangered twenty is California Democrat **George Brown**, in 36th CD (ACU: 10; ADA: 75). A recent **Wirthlin** poll shows Brown can be beaten. Poll shows only 14 per cent of voters strongly approve Brown's handling of his job; an incumbent is in real danger, says Wirthlin, when that number is under 30 per cent. Brown's opponent is San Bernardino County supervisor **Bob Hammock**.



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"Saddam Hussein is the last straw!"

■ Of interest to conservatives: Pastor **Richard John Neuhaus** (renowned author and Religion Editor of *NR*) joined the Catholic Church last week. . . . Young Americans for Freedom celebrated its thirtieth birthday at a reception in Washington on September 13. . . . Manhattan Institute is bringing out new magazine, *NY: The City Journal*, which will seek to restore real political dialogue in the city. Its editor is former *NR* Articles Editor **Richard Vigilante**; other editors include **Maggie Gallagher** and **Walter Olson**, both longtime *NR* contributors.

■ Most refreshing candidate of season is Boston U.'s **John Silber**, who may not survive September 18 Democratic gubernatorial primary. Silber, on the NEA and the **Robert Mapplethorpe** controversy: "I think nothing worse happened to artists than the day in which they started being treated as geniuses. I think Pope **Julius II** had a lot better idea when he treated **Michelangelo** as Mike and told him to get up on that scaffolding and paint that ceiling."

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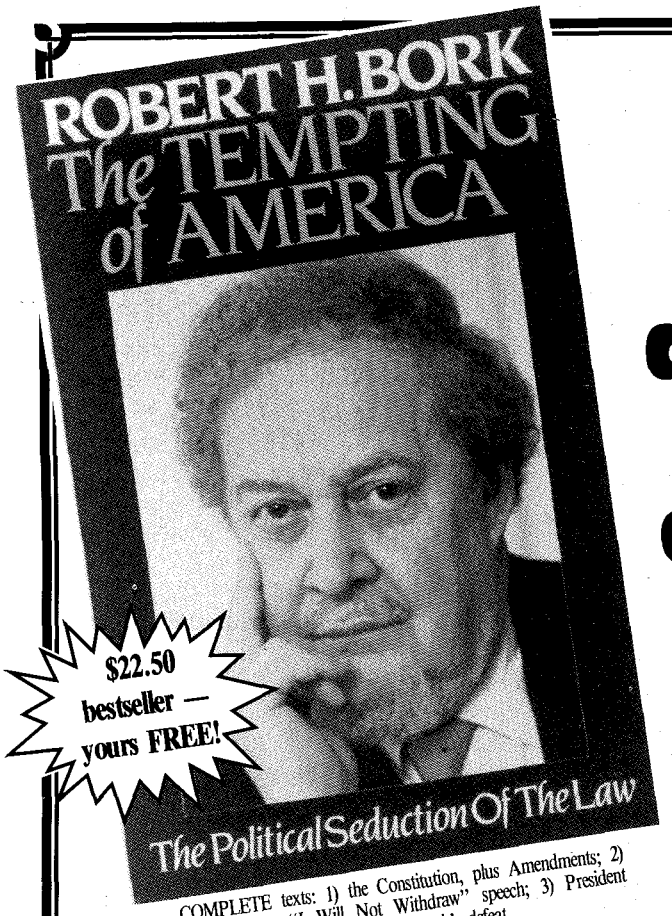

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THE WEEK

■ An election's coming: Bill Bradley has been to Iowa, and Jesse Jackson has been to Iraq.

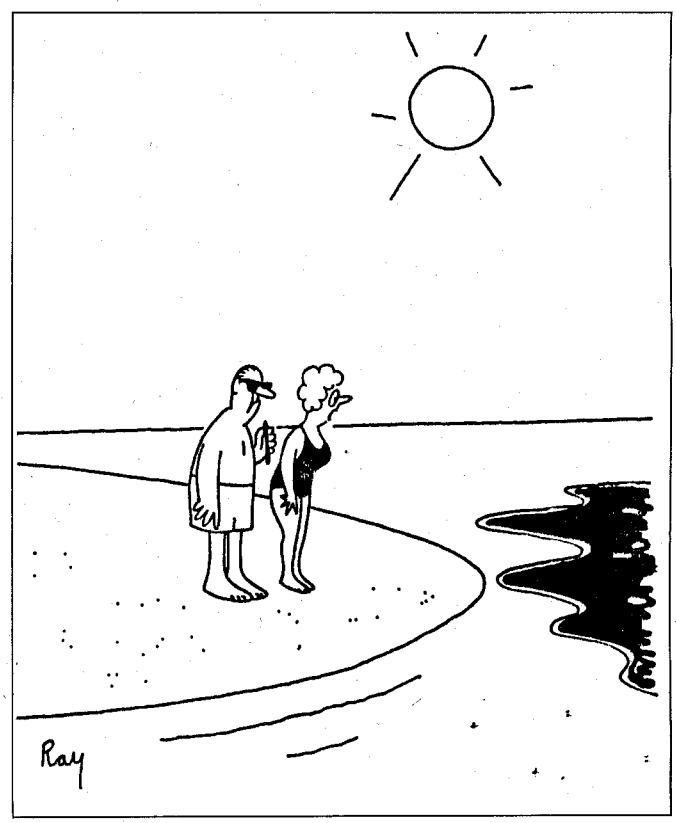
■ The Left doesn't like George Bush's taking a stand against Iraq, but who cares? *The Nation* has muttered, Ramsey Clark has given a press conference—but all the attention that has been given to arguments pro and con has gone to conservative arguers. The end of Communism, which was supposed to marginalize conservatives by depriving them of someone to hate, has in fact, by confirming their long-standing diagnosis of world events, moved them to center stage. Meanwhile, who wants to know what people who were so wrong about the Berlin Wall think of the Persian Gulf? It may not make sense to cite the lopsidedness of the debate as further proof that "our" time has come, when we disagree among ourselves. But theirs has gone.

■ The preliminary census figures are in, and lots of municipalities—especially big cities—are complaining that they've been victimized by undercounting. New York City refuses to believe it has lost 0.5 per cent of its people since 1980, though a *Time* poll claims that 59 per cent of those who haven't left yet would like to. The data indicate that Philadelphia has lost 8.6 per cent of its 1980 population. Mario Cuomo charges that the figures have been shaped by "people who don't live in the Northeast." That would be a growing number of Americans, 55 per cent of whom now live in the Sun Belt. The Big Apple alone may lose three seats in Congress. Darn shame.

■ The August unemployment rate—5.6 per cent—was the highest in two years. Rates are always tricky to interpret this time of year since government statisticians are never really sure how much of the fall in employment reflects kids returning to school. Far more disturbing from our point of view is the sharp decline in the number of young people who want to work. The fraction of 16 to 19-year-olds in the labor force has plunged by more than three percentage points since January, to 52.9 per cent. Labor-force participation has also fallen for 20 to 24-year-olds. Even when you net out the innocuous explanations—in school, at home taking care of children—roughly one-third of young blacks and one-fifth of all young people are not in the labor force. The real story is not the decline in employment but the apparent decline in work ethic.

■ Before its August recess, the Senate approved its version of Congress's biennial exercise in "anti-crime" legislation. There are some commendable parts to it, namely the establishment of a federal death penalty and a curtailment of frivolous appeals by prisoners. There are also the expected assortment of "get tough" measures for drug dealers, S&L cheats, and environmental felons, some of which may prove productive of something other than re-election of incumbents. What nags at us, though, is the feeling that all this is little more than busying ourselves at the margins of a criminal-justice system gone deeply rotten. Most of the real damage to our system has been done by the federal judiciary over the past thirty years in the name of "civil liberties" and "the Constitution." The problem is criminal procedure, not substantive criminal law. A genuinely productive anti-crime initiative would contain an abolition of the exclusionary rule, a reversal of *Miranda*, authorization for jurors to consider a defendant's criminal history, and a dismantling of various other barriers to the search for truth. In other words, changes that would reverse the manhandling of the Constitution by the Warren Court.

■ After calling the comptroller of the state of New York, who is also his running-mate, an "idiot," Pierre Rinfret, liberal patsy and Republican candidate for governor, wisely shut up and let his advi-



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"That's not your oil, is it, dear?"

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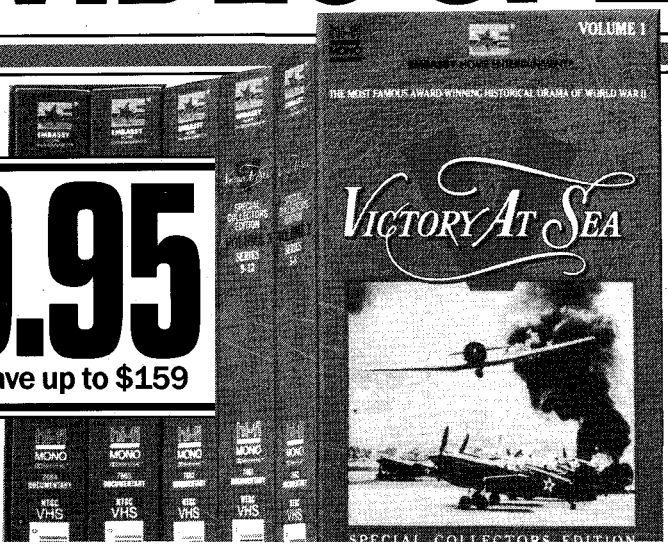

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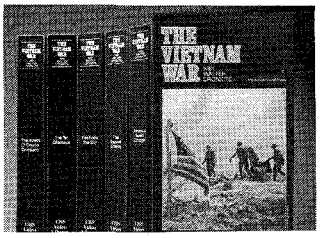

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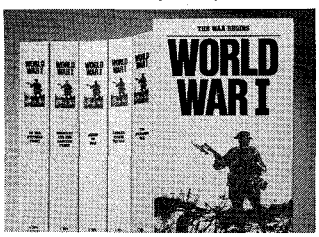

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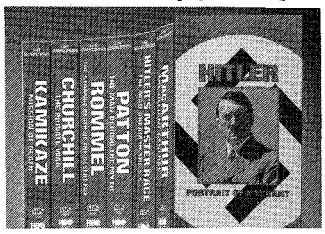

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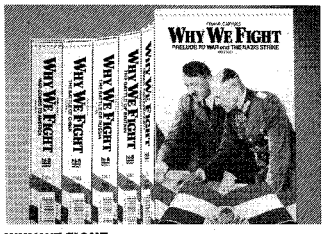

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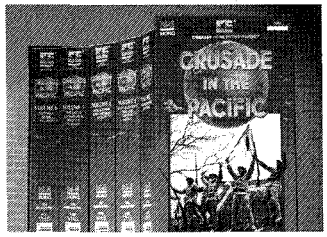

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sors issue a series of position papers. Meanwhile, the authentic Republican opponent to Mario Cuomo, Herb London, continues to address issues of immediate importance. This month, he appeared at the Korean fruit stand in Brooklyn that has been picketed by black bigots, and called on Cuomo and Mayor Dinkins to enforce the law, including laws the picketers have been breaking. Don't tell Rinfret about the visit, though—the word "fruit" might lodge in his mind, and no Republican would be safe.

■ Get ready for the USR. The Soviet Union is thinking of dropping the word "Socialist" from its name. The socialist idea is in total disrepute, except here in the good old USSA.

■ Voters in Ontario, Canada's richest and most populous province, are known as a phlegmatic lot who like sound, sensible, low-key governments. In last week's provincial election, they got uncharacteristically mad, and threw out the arrogant, big-tax Liberal government. But their madness knew no bounds: they elected the New Democratic Party in a landslide. The Ontario NDP had never won an election before, because most of its candidates are either academic socialists or fire-breathing trade unionists reminiscent of the Militant Tendency in the British Labor Party. Canada's image of bland reliability has now cracked into shards. In a summer in which Canada surprised the world with its constitutional crisis over the Meech Lake accord and with a Mohawk rebellion, the Ontario election is the greatest absurdity of all. It is as if, when the Berlin Wall fell, West Germans had fled East. The chambers of commerce in Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, which had been enviously watching as so many major international firms were choosing Ontario as their location for new factories, can't believe their luck.

■ As of this month, to see the world's largest Christian church you must go not to Rome or Paris or Cologne—but to Yamoussoukro, Ivory Coast. Newly consecrated by Pope John Paul II, Our Lady of Peace of Yamoussoukro is twice the size of St. Peter's Basilica, contains four times the stained glass of Chartres, and holds three hundred thousand people. The figures come readily to mind because the news reports have dwelt on the "opulence" of the project, which has cost some $180 million. Eighty-five-year-old President Félix Houphouët-Boigny in particular has been faulted for his "extravagance"—never mind that if almost any other African chieftain had reigned that long he would, at this stage, be raising up vast memorials to himself. "On a poor continent," asks the *New York Times*, "is the basilica a glory or a scandal?" The cost–benefit question is not morally irrelevant, and yet is as hard to calculate as the value of the fine ointment "squandered" on an honored visitor when it might have been sold to raise money for the poor. It all depends on the spirit in which the money is spent. Any church built in the wrong spirit is a scandal, and any built in the right spirit a glory, the poorer the builder the more glorious the achievement.

■ Let us be the first to entertain the hysterical prediction that the Federal Government will soon be supervising our personal lives in unprecedented ways. HHS Secretary Louis Sullivan has announced a 298-point plan to improve our health, for which the FG is assuming increased responsibility (and expense). The plan, called Healthy People 2000, includes such goals as cutting down on obesity, smoking, teenage pregnancy, AIDS, mental illness, stress, and 292 other non-desiderata. One observer describes the plan as "a lobbying tool for a huge new public-health *surveillance* bureaucracy." Do you ever get the feeling LBJ never left us?

■ The first crack babies are hitting the schools. More than three hundred thousand drug-exposed babies are born a year, perhaps a third of them exposed to crack. Those who are reaching school age have minimal attention spans, and an aversion to being touched. They are prone to tantrums and slow to learn. Word-coiners have already coined the word "bio-underclass." Before we despair, a few caveats. Schools have been coping—or failing to cope—with alcohol-exposed babies for centuries. The severity of the crack babies' ailments varies; some infants suffer primarily, not from the drug, but from the anomic and immoral behavior of neglectful and brutal parents. Where that obtains, judges and caseworkers should be more willing to place the children of addicts in foster care. States should also consider placing criminal sanctions on exposing fetuses to addictive drugs. Abortion supporters have opposed this as being covertly right-to-life, which casts a cold light on their boast that *they* care what happens to children after they are born.

■ Mario Cuomo recently explained why he would sign a bill banning dwarf-tossing and -bowling: "These are human beings. This disturbs me. I don't know why." At the same time, Governor Cuomo also feels "There is an element of the absurd or incongruous in men making laws about something they can never experience—pregnancy." Now, Governor Cuomo is not, to the best of our knowledge, a dwarf (no one has yet announced for the 1992 Democratic nomination); nor has he ever been a dwarf. Furthermore, we devoutly believe that he has never tossed a dwarf, nor bowled one. So why the double standard? With legalized dwarf-tossing, wouldn't those of us who find the practice abhorrent still "have a right to live by that belief" while the rest of our free society

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went on promiscuously tossing or, as individual conscience dictated, bowling dwarfs? And what about the tragedies of back-alley dwarf-tossing? Since we clearly lack a national consensus on this troubled issue, won't the rich just cross state lines to toss dwarfs? When it comes to lines, however, we draw one ourselves. No federal or state funding for dwarf-tossers. This is one for the private sector.

■ "Marshall was named [to the Supreme Court] simply because he was black," William O. Douglas wrote in his memoir *The Court Years*, "and in the 1960s that was reason enough." Different time, different litmus test.

Jaw Jaw, War War

WE HAVE entered the dull middle period of the Kuwait crisis. Early outrage has faded through familiarity, but the outlines of a final resolution are not yet clear. Sanctions are in place; a vast international coalition stands behind them; the U.S. military buildup in Saudi Arabia continues; Iraqi ships are stopped and searched on the high seas. Objectively considered, America's position is one of overwhelming advantage and Iraq's one of vulnerable isolation. But the prevailing mood remains uncertain. And the voices of inaction and appeasement are once again heard in the land.

Sometimes they preach a soothing complacency: Sanctions backed by world opinion will force an Iraqi withdrawal. If so, well and good. But we cannot wait forever to find out. The longer the crisis lasts, the stronger will be the impression of Western irresolution, and the more unsettled the Middle East. Pro-Western regimes will come under greater threat; anti-American terrorism will spread; Saddam's neighbors will be tempted, like Iran, to cut an early deal. That is why the leaders of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and the Gulf sheikhdoms are pressing for early military action. Since they are likely to pay for error with their lives, we trust their judgment.

These prudential considerations are reinforced by an argument from morality. A terrible war is now being waged against a defenseless people. The longer we wait, the more Kuwaitis will be murdered, raped, robbed, and evicted from their homes and country. If we intend to take armed action, we should do so as soon as the military buildup permits.

But can we do it? Other voices tout our impotence: Vietnam showed that surgical air strikes don't work. Nonsense. It showed that, uncertainly targeted, they cannot of themselves win a major war against a determined enemy using guerrilla methods in jungle terrain. But as Colonel Taylor points out in this issue, none of those conditions applies to Iraq. Air strikes in this case would be intended to wreak havoc on Saddam Hussein's chemical, nuclear, and air-war capabilities. Modern weapons make that eminently practical. And Saddam, surrounded as he is by hostile neighbors, cannot allow his military advantage over them to be steadily reduced to less than zero. Colonel Taylor points to other military options, only one of which—a full-scale march on Baghdad—involves massive casualties. A military solution is undoubtedly feasible. And any calculation of casualties must take into account the Kuwaiti lives an invasion might save.

The third evasion is to blind us with diplomacy: Give King Hussein's mediation a try? Every mediation proposed so far involves buying off Saddam with, say, an island or two. Yet it is Iraq which must make reparations to Kuwait. Otherwise, aggression will have been rewarded and thus encouraged. Does anyone suppose that Saddam can be persuaded to withdraw from Kuwait on such terms—unless in response to a credible military threat? The notion is absurd. In the words of Frederick the Great: "Diplomacy without arms is like music without instruments."

There is, however, a more insidious variant of diplomatic appeasement: We must not take any action that might threaten the international coalition supporting President Bush. Precisely—and we mean precisely. For a coalition that prevents the President from taking action to defeat Saddam Hussein is not supporting him at all. It is constraining him.

Mr. Bush should not subordinate the primary aim of freeing Kuwait to the secondary means of maintaining international consensus. If the U.S. takes independent action, we will be well within our rights. British ministers have been admirably clear-sighted and candid on this score. One declared that he would seek UN Security Council approval for further measures only if absolutely certain in advance that it would be given. Otherwise, Britain would rely on its legal right of collective self-defense under Article 51 of the UN Charter.

President Bush has sometimes expressed the

Through Helsinki Darkly

He's "Gorby" now to Mr. Bush,
And wives no longer shove and push;
But if Saddam subsists on dates
Till F-15s do figure 8s
As Halloween's succeeded by
Eight sweating reindeer in the sky,
Will Mr. Gorbachev agree
To something more than bonhomie?

W. H. VON DREELE

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same firmness of purpose. The joint communiqué after the Helsinki summit, which reflected American views, said that "additional" measures would be taken if sanctions did not "resolve the crisis peacefully." The summit press conference, however, reflected the Soviet preference for peaceful measures, with which President Bush went along. This ambiguity should be settled clearly in favor of a plain statement by the U.S. of its willingness to employ armed force. The credible threat of military action is the only peaceful measure likely to obtain Saddam Hussein's withdrawal from Kuwait. If the threat fails, then force itself will have to be used.

Which is more in the American interest? An Iraqi retreat in response to threats would save lives in the here and now—no small consideration. But such a retreat, the White House admits, would leave the Iraqi dictator in possession of his present chemical and military capabilities and nuclear potential, and able to resume hostilities on more favorable terms down the road. U.S. policy, it appears, would then be to station a large American force in the Gulf, more or less permanently, so as to strengthen a shaky coalition of Arab moderates against radical regimes and terrorist groups led by Iraq; and to hope that Saddam's lieutenants would obligingly assassinate him in the meantime. Surely our present commitment of force and prestige should be based on something better than myopic optimism.

America is likely to remain in the Gulf in any event. It is a region which has to import stability or else it exports instability. But the conditions in which such a military presence takes root are vital. If Saddam's arsenal of destruction is itself destroyed in war, we would thereby establish a balance of power in the region that would require only a small Western presence to preserve the peace. Aggression, terrorism, and radical politics would have been dealt a crushing blow. If Saddam Hussein brings about that happy result by his own rash refusal to withdraw in the face of our warnings, we and our allies in the region will gain in the long run. Jaw jaw, as Winston Churchill declared by his actions in 1940, is not always better than war war.

Our Budget Summit . . .

YOU HAVE to say this for Saddam Hussein: he was there when George Bush needed him most. The President had been sinking fast, ever since he had announced his second thoughts on taxes. But Saddam's little outing has changed all the budget calculations as well as diverted the public's attention from Mr. Bush's lips. As NATIONAL REVIEW was going to press the budget negotiations were held hostage at Andrews Air Force Base.

In principle the goal is to come up with an arrangement that would reduce the federal deficit by $50 billion next year and $500 billion over the next five years. In practice that is only a Republican goal. The Democrats' goal—which they achieved brilliantly—was to get George Bush to discredit himself on taxes. So it's no surprise that negotiations haven't gone all that far: the two sides are aiming in different directions.

President Bush, unfortunately, is aiming in two different directions too. Right after Congress had adjourned for its summer recess, he took to the airwaves to denounce the Democrats for partisanship and a lack of seriousness, something he ought to have said a long time before. Recently, however, he has been sounding "presidential," which in Beltwayspeak means putting aside Republican principles such as tax cuts and abstaining from attacks on the Democrats for their failure to offer any alternative. The fate of the economy depends on which George Bush will be directing the budget mess over the critical weeks ahead.

The President ought to have no hesitation in choosing the path of genuine principle. In the months since the budget negotiations started, a number of responsible organizations—including the Heritage Foundation, the National Center for Policy Analysis, and the Center for the Study of American Business—have put forward proposals showing how to slash the deficit without raising taxes. It *can* be done. But it means cutting spending—and that will not come without first forcing Tom Foley and George Mitchell to cry uncle. Don't expect anything like that from a budget "summit."

. . . and Theirs

WITH THE acceptance by Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev of the proposals of Russian President Boris Yeltsin for the creation of a market economy in five hundred days, the Communist leadership of the Soviet Union seems to be proceeding inexorably to its own liquidation. The radical nature of the reform lies in the fact that it touches property relations, the essence of the Communist Party's power. In the last five years autonomy was given to state enterprises, farmers were allowed to hold leases, and enterprising citizens were allowed to start cooperatives, but nothing was done to change the fact that almost all property was owned by the state: which means by the Party.

Under the New Economic Policy in the 1920s—the last time the Soviet regime tolerated broad-based economic liberalization to avert total disaster—the Party was careful to ensure that the "commanding heights" of the economy remained in the regime's

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hands. If the Yeltsin proposals are fully put into effect, the commanding heights will be partially transferred to private ownership. The program begins with the privatization of stores and farms, but it calls for eventually putting 70 per cent of industrial enterprises in private hands. Widespread private ownership would be incompatible with the continued existence of the Communist regime.

For the moment, the Soviet regime maintains power as a result of the interaction of two factors, the central bureaucracy's control over economic life and the corresponding economic helplessness of the individual. If the state surrenders control over 70 per cent of the factories, there can no longer be a question of embargoing rebellious republics by cutting off their supplies, or of starving entire regions of badly needed resources in order to channel them to the needs of national defense. At the same time, the individual will be permitted to acquire a material base for political initiative. Everyone who accumulates wealth is freed from dependence on the state and, once free, individuals can be united by common interests dictated by their concrete situations. Political opposition in the Soviet Union will achieve a coherence that it has heretofore lacked.

The changes that will follow may not lead to democracy. But if the "Gorbachev–Yeltsin program," as it is known, is fully implemented, citizens will cease to be the property of the state. This economic self-emancipation, if it is allowed to follow its logical course, spells the end of the Soviet regime.

There They Go Again

BY MODESTLY constraining their access to the fruits of America's productive classes, the Reagan Revolution has provoked a variety of creative responses on the part of Washington's tax-spending multitudes. These have included user fees, legislative mandates upon the private sector, and judicially imposed tax increases. The latest innovation is to make federal grants to the states conditional upon their agreeing to raise taxes.

Admittedly, the legislative vehicle for this wondrous new tactic, as with every congressional foot-in-the-door, is extremely narrowly drawn. A provision of a Department of Transportation appropriation bill, no more, would require that the most populous states, as a condition for receiving federal mass-transportation dollars, impose new taxes earmarked to fund the non-federal share of such programs. The states then could shift dollars from current mass-transportation funding to other spending "needs."

Such conditions are not, truth be told, altogether different from other conditions that Congress has more traditionally imposed: highway-beautification or -safety programs, for example, as a quid pro quo for federal highway-construction grants. The Supreme Court has found such conditions permissible so long as they are reasonably related to the objectives of the federal assistance.

It is the sheer explicitness of it here that is breathtaking—the Federal Government telling the states that they will receive more of John Q. Public's *federal* tax dollars only if they are willing to soak him for more *state* tax dollars. This doesn't sound like a very good deal for Mr. Public. Putting aside concerns about American federalism—which are no longer of much interest to either national or state governments—this latest ploy by Congress is yet another means of ensuring that caps on income-tax rates not cramp the style of Washington's spenders. We have not seen the last of this device.

The Drug Quagmire

A YEAR AFTER the formal start of America's war on drugs, the problem is getting worse. Casual use is down, but that was never the real problem. More dropouts and hard-core unemployed are hooked than ever before. Inner-city cocaine prices have increased markedly over the past year, along with murders among dealers jockeying for this lucrative turf.

It is more and more evident that we can't think of "drugs" as a single problem. Some users live in the mainstream and operate in more or less rational ways. As drugs became less chic, and their destructive power more evident, usage among this group dropped. For them an $11-billion-per-year war on drugs is unnecessary.

Then there are those users who persist in self-destructive behavior. A sharp rise in the risk of punishment may eventually deter drug use among this group, but no one has yet explained how this can be accomplished in an affordable way. The courts and jails are already swamped beyond capacity. Charles

The Allies Rally Round

The Japanese point to MacArthur;
  The Germans refer to their past.
The French, who would face their own fighters,
  Hold back as Italians, aghast,
Recall Mussolini's delusions
  And cough up a frigate or two,
Which leaves Mrs. Thatcher, God bless her,
  Who does what a Churchill would do.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Murray calculates that even a modest increase in drug-arrest rates could throw an additional 175,000 people into prison, and require the arrest and punishment short of prison of another 1.2 million. For a price tag like that, there would have to be a tremendous result, and yet there is no evidence that such a program would significantly deter drug use among this group.

But if we can't realistically change the behavior of those who do not want to change, we *can* help those who would extricate themselves from drug-infested environments if they could. A generous school-voucher program would enable those inner-city parents who cared about such things to send their children to schools that demonstrated zero tolerance for drugs. HUD could give the same freedom to public-housing residents, allowing tenant committees wide discretion to screen new applicants and evict current tenants for drug abuse. In a similar vein, employers should be given a free rein in employee drug testing. The worst of the drug problem might just take care of itself if we helped the people who want to get out of the drug scene to do so.

The Open Door—With Tickets

IN 1644, the governor of New Netherland told Father Isaac Jogues that his subjects comprised speakers of 18 different languages, and though the cultural vectors of the nation that emerged were put in place by British Protestants, people from all over the world have been coming here ever since. Immigration is now as high, in absolute terms, as it was at the turn of the century, and when one reflects that the older figures failed to adjust for the large numbers of people who came here, worked a while, and then sailed back home, today's influx is probably as high in percentage terms as well.

From the mid Twenties to the mid Sixties, immigration was limited by quotas based on country of origin. Since then, family connection has been the best ticket. Today, Congress is considering making access more dependent on skills. This is all to the good. We have no obligation to throw a party for the whole world. A skills test would set a hurdle, while still allowing us to admit such immigrants as those fleeing the wreck of Hong Kong.

A skills test implies that we want new Americans to be good Americans, and this assumption underlies what should be the other great principle of immigration policy: a determined program of assimilation. Historically, most immigrants have wanted to fit in, and most have. The obstacles today, however, are greater than they were in 1900. Ideologies of separateness—from Jesse Jackson's "Rainbow Coalition" to New York State's "curriculum of inclusion"—have a hold on minority imaginations. The segregated group then pushes for advancement by political means. Blacks have pursued this course for decades. Bilingualism represents the same mood among Hispanics. The flap over *Miss Saigon* signifies that the trend is hitting Asians. The argument we must make to new arrivals is the same argument we have begun to make to blacks: that group political action leads to dependency and chaos. Class politics makes underclasses.

Immigrants may be, as the economist Julian Simon likes to say, "goods," but they also become neighbors, voters, participants in the culture. America should have some expectation, before they come, that they are suited for their roles, and it must make sure, once they're here, that they learn their lines.

Powell for Quayle?

He's black and runs the desert thing
With such aplomb, the guy could bring
The GOP a ton of raves
Not seen since Lincoln freed the slaves.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Shame of the Cities

THE DEATH of Brian Watkins, the 22-year-old Utah tourist who was stabbed while attempting to rescue his parents from a gang of subway thieves, has focused the attention of New Yorkers on the issue never far from their minds: crime. Politically, the first victim of the media fallout has been Mayor David Dinkins, who is urged to abandon his habitually serene demeanor and show a little fury. There is something absurd about such advice—as if rug-chewing will make the streets safe. Yet there is also justice in the anti-Dinkins backlash, for he owed his election to a conviction among liberal-minded whites that only the elevation of a black man to the mayoralty could appease the city's seething pathologies. Those who sow delusions reap frustrations.

The same class of voters tended to believe that, while the greatest immediate threat to social peace was underclass rage, the underlying threat was white racism. In fact, the scourge of city-dwellers is a class of anomic hoodlums, most of them belonging to minority groups, who visit their violence mostly on other minority members and, to a lesser extent, on whites such as Brian Watkins or Sean Healy, a prosecutor in the Bronx who got caught in the cross-

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fire of a local drug battle while buying doughnuts across the street from the courthouse. Willie Horton is not a myth; the specter of white violence is.

In the long run, the insights of analysts such as Charles Murray and George Gilder—that creating a class of welfare dependents creates a subclass of rootless marauders—will guide us to policies that will reduce the crime rate. In the short run, we have to arrest more criminals. New York liberals, characteristically, are reluctant to contemplate that step. First Deputy Mayor Norman Steisel warned against drastic increases in the police force, which would force the city to "gut" social services. Ride the subway, Steisel. The most basic promise of the social contract is protection against violent death, and in New York, it has worn away. If the housing budget suffers, so be it.

The Kinsey Rebuke

THE KINSEY INSTITUTE has released yet another sex study, with a difference: this one purports to tell us not what we're doing but how little we know. More than half of those surveyed flunked the test, says the Institute.

But the "test" consists of 18 questions, most of which deal with problems most people don't have and practices most people, even on the Institute's own showing, don't engage in. Two are about impotence, one about adultery, two about homosexuality, one about anal intercourse, and so on. It's not explained why we should be "informed" on such matters or what we would usefully do with such information once we had it. Is an adulterer supposed to know how many other people are committing adultery too? What for?

The Institute says the poll Shows the Need for Sex Education. But it doesn't itself know the difference between real and bogus knowledge: e.g., between knowing about sex and knowing a statistical profile of sexual behavior. All they've discovered is that most people don't share their curiosities. The odd thing is that they seem to think those curiosities constitute a norm for everyone. As Malcolm Muggeridge once remarked, they have sex on the brain, which is a very uncomfortable place to have it.

Fernando Valenti, R I P

HE TOUCHED the life of most of us at NATIONAL REVIEW glancingly—for eight years he played the harpsichord at our annual Christmas party. The instrument was situated under a curving staircase, lighting was by candlelight, and the sound was magic. He would play for just about an hour, a few minutes less, as a rule. (He liked short sessions. When in 1978 he played one hundred Scarlatti sonatas on five consecutive evenings at Carnegie Recital Hall, the concerts, including the ten-minute intermission—during which he ate sandwiches, drank Coca-Cola, and chatted with visitors—never went over seventy minutes. His musical programs were written down on one 3×5 card: per concert.) He might begin with a Handel sonata, go on to Bach, then—who knows? Elliott Carter? Schoenberg? George Gershwin? But always—inevitably—three or six sonatas by Scarlatti.

"Valenti was to Scarlatti as Artur Schnabel was to Beethoven. Just as Schnabel was this century's greatest interpreter of Beethoven, so Valenti was our time's definitive exponent of Scarlatti." So said Thomas Wendel, professor of history, San José State. And Tom Wendel went on to say, on hearing that Fernando Valenti had died in a taxicab en route from Kennedy Airport to his sister's house in New Jersey, "Valenti's personality mirrored Scarlatti's music: humorous, versatile, mercurial, jocular; and at base, profound."

He was, if truth be told, a very difficult human being. He was married three times, was always searingly broke; from a relatively early age he declared war on his health, drank alcohol to excess (until he went on the wagon a dozen years ago), and smoked three packs of cigarettes a day (his autopsy showed advanced lung cancer, which he died unaware of). Junk food was his Thing, combined with an unconditional war against physical exercise.

He was, personally, as endearing a mess as the world of geniuses throws up. But that he was a genius is not seriously doubted by anyone who has listened to his work, or pondered his career as a child prodigy who turned to the harpsichord while at Yale, and was called by *Time* and by the *New York Times*, in varying formulations, the finest harpsichordist in the world.

His death at 63 is, one needs to suppose, a vindication of the laws of hygienic probity: either Fernando would not live a long life, or the laws of physical health would have to be repealed. Those who knew him will miss him; more accurately, miss much of him; but the music is there, 330 Scarlatti sonatas, much of Bach, including the most beautiful harpsichord Goldberg ever (surely) done. He is at peace, but his music will never lie down. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In case you missed it, Anthony Lewis, the liberal columnist of the *New York Times* and frequent justifiable target of *NR*, wrote a column discussing the

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aftermath of the Bush–Gorbachev summit in Washington ("Bush Vindicated," June 15). Mr. Lewis stated, incredibly, that "the correct American course [for U.S.–Soviet relations] is surely to encourage the movement toward freedom quietly, without the kind of overt pressure that might produce a backlash." Is this the same Anthony Lewis who in the past consistently ridiculed the Reagan Administration for pursuing the same course—which President Reagan called constructive diplomacy—in other areas of the world such as southern Africa and Latin America? What changed his mind?

Warm regards,
Peter Murphy
Slingerlands, N.Y.

■ Mr. Tom White
Odessa, Texas

Dear Mr. White:

Bill Buckley has sent me a copy of your letter, so I can answer it. It is not quite clear to me whether you wonder why *any* movies should be reviewed in *NR* or whether you just question the choice of those that are.

Let me say that movies are more important than MTV or comic strips, to which you liken them, because everyone from top to bottom, with a very few exceptions, sees movies at least on occasion, whereas the more enlightened public ignores MTV and comic strips altogether. Rock, your other point of comparison, can't be avoided by anyone, so one treats it just like traffic noise. But film is actively sought out by educated people and can't be ignored.

Now, if you're going to review films, you have to review what's there; if you waited for high seriousness and quality, you'd be handing in a lot of blank sheets as your copy. So how do I choose what to see, and how do I winnow this down to what I review? I go for what seems best or worst, or most over- or under-rated. Also for what is most discussed or what I consider most worth discussing. In other words, what gives me the most chances to express what film, in which I persist in believing, could be.

Need I add that, unlike rock, comic strips, and MTV, film is an art form?

Sincerely,
John Simon
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read with delight your comments on the occasion of the recent reunion of your Yale class ["Notes & Asides," Aug. 6]. As I savored the wonderful anecdote about Dean DeVane and Henry Atterbury, I was suddenly horrified to realize the inaccuracy of the good dean's famous retort to his tardy charge, who claimed to have been so engrossed in medieval studies that he had forgotten about the Gregorian calendar change—"Ah. Mr. Atterbury, in that event you would have arrived in New Haven one week early."

In fact, the adoption of the Gregorian calendar entailed the omission of a number of dates in 1582—what would have been October 5 in the Julian calendar was calculated as October 15 in the new calendar of Pope Gregory XIII. Mr. Atterbury's creative excuse for his late return to Yale was, then, well taken. Had he been "thinking Julian," his (say) September 1, 1948, would have been Yale's September 14 (three more days having slipped since 1582), and he would indeed have arrived late rather than early for term.

On principle (*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum*), I hesitate to raise this objection at the expense of the late dean's reputation. I hasten to add that while the learned gentleman's reckoning of time can be faulted, his timing can't be.

Faithfully yours,
Fr. Kevin Holmes
Madison, Wis.

Dear Fr. Holmes: Promise not to tell! Cordially,

—WFB

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Can Saddam Climb Down?

IAN ALEXANDER

Tim Bower

MANAMA, BAHRAIN

'OH, MY! How did I get into this? . . . Who cares? How do I get out?" Unless Saddam Hussein is contemplating going out in a terrible blaze, taking as many others with him as possible, he is clearly considering his options for climbing down from the perilous perch on which he has placed himself.

The odds, of course, are now very much stacked against Saddam, as he should in large part have calculated from the beginning. But, as befits a megalomaniac of such staggering proportions, his miscalculations have been monumental:

—Misinterpreting the Kuwaiti level of discontent with the ruling Al Sabah family: not one dissident would take up Saddam's offers—virtual pleas—to become puppet prime minister of the "liberated" country.

—Not comprehending that the longing of the resident Palestinians (four hundred thousand strong) for their homeland would not be assuaged by the setting up of a Palestine East in Kuwait (instead, in the days immediately following the invasion, gangs of Palestinian youths roamed Kuwait's streets and hurled stones at Iraqi soldiers in a surprising replay of the *intifada* that has been going on in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank for more than two years).

—Misreading the degree of resolve in the Bush Administration, the Congress, and the American people.

—Presuming his carefully televised encounter with a group of British detainees would be viewed as benign rather than sinister.

—Worst of all, totally underestimating the reaction of all but a handful of leaders (Arafat, Qaddafi, Castro—the usual suspects) to his invasion of the virtually defenseless Kuwait.

THE VOTE of 12 fellow members of the Arab League to denounce the invasion, to provide military assistance to Saudi Arabia, and to support the UN embargo has been a crushing reminder, if any were needed, that the "Arab nation" is far from being one body and that there are limits beyond which reasonable Arab leaders and their people cannot be pushed.

With hardly a friend left, Saddam is surely devoting an increasingly large corner of his mind to how to extract himself from his self-made trap. He must be furiously considering how he might withdraw under cover of Kuwaiti concessions.

In the event a settlement could be negotiated, there would of course be the need to put a good face on the matter with the Iraqi man-in-the-street—not a simple task, since Saddam, in a speech in August, termed the invasion the all-inspiring *jihad*, or holy war. He redoubled the plea September 4, at the same time calling for the overthrow of his Saudi and Egyptian counterparts, who were his staunchest supporters in the war with Iran.

Controlling the spin will be particularly hard in the wake of Saddam's stupefying announcement that Iraq would accept all Iran's peace terms. One senior Arab diplomat here observed, "However brilliant the tactic of freeing more than two hundred thousand troops for use on the Saudi front, the impact of such massive wasted blood and wealth over eight years will hit the Iraqis very hard. With five hundred thousand casualties, more than 30 per cent of Iraqi families have suffered a direct loss in the conflict with Iran. They remember Saddam's ceaseless preaching that the war was the country's most glorious chapter. Now that they see it was all in vain, there will be much more than a credibility gap."

A senior Western diplomat put Saddam's dilemma in similarly gloomy terms: "If Saddam withdraws from Kuwait, he faces political suicide. If he stays, he faces economic suicide. If he invades Saudi Arabia, he faces military suicide. It is hard to see a solution that has him remaining in power long term."

But politics in the Levant are notorious for their unexpected turns. In recent weeks, King Hussein of Jordan, the West's perennial "friendly Arab ruler," has made himself a laughing stock in chancelleries from Riyadh to Rabat to Rome, not to mention less alliterative centers like Cairo, London, and Washington. Coincidentally, Syria's Hafez Al-Assad, until last month regarded as perhaps the most cunning and treacherous Arab leader of all, is taken as a serious collaborator in the same capitals.

Has Saddam, the ultimate survivor, finally gone too far? Were it almost anyone else, the answer would be virtually certain. But more than one grizzled observer of the man and the region is unwilling to be categorical.

This reporter remembers well the 48 hours following Israel's lightning six-day conquest of its Arab foes in 1967. He watched from the terrace of Beirut's unscathed Phoenicia Inter-Continental Hotel on successive afternoons as mobs of more than thirty thousand marched in near riotous, righteous fury. The first day, the rab-

Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Arab scene.

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ble denounced Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser for causing the calamity; the second, they proclaimed him the only true Arab hero. Nasser survived the chaos to serve as Egypt's and the Arabs' leader until his death from natural causes three years later.

Can Saddam climb down and maintain himself in power? As of now, it seems highly unlikely, despite lingering fears that he may be capable of one last, spectacular *volte-face*.

One thing is certain, however: the route down from his peak of notoriety will be far more tortuous, not to say treacherous, than the climb up. □

The Other Path to Capitalism

ERIC EHRMANN

BUENOS AIRES

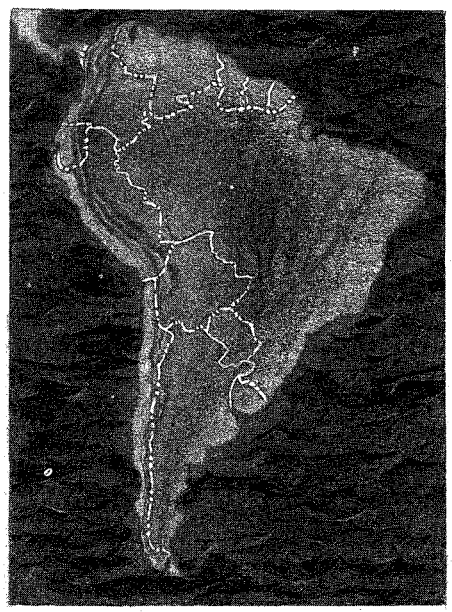
FOR generations Latin Americans have found it convenient to blame U.S. capitalism for their economic woes. The *norteamericanos* were the exploiters, stealing precious natural resources from the South and, more recently, shamelessly encouraging Latins to get over their heads in debt.

In fact, Latin America's problems began at home: the region has avoided the free market, alternating instead between collectivisms of the Left and of the Right, both favoring gigantic state-run industries. The predictable results have been corruption of business and labor leaders alike, class warfare, rampant inflation, and unpayable foreign loans.

The debt crisis of the Eighties shook the foundations of the corporate state, and in so doing created an opening for individual freedom and economic reform. Hernando de Soto, the Peruvian economist whose research suggested the potential of Latin America's vast "informal" free market, first publicly raised the question, in articles and on television talk shows, "Why does our system make us poor?" People wanted answers; in his best-selling book, *The Other Path*, de Soto provided them.

"Owners of businesses," he argues, "devote a large proportion of their resources to infiltrating the bureaucracy and protecting their interests rather than devoting themselves to improving output." This was a reversal of the typical Latin intellectual argument: instead of liberation theologians attacking capitalism, here was a free-marketeer discussing the failings of Latin Catholic economics.

Other voices took up de Soto's message. In Mexico, then–President Miguel de la Madrid began saying that government should be accountable to its citizens. Ruy Barreto and Amaury Temporal, leaders of Brazil's Chamber of Commerce, began demanding free trade. Carlos and Ricardo Ball, who publish *El Diario de Caracas*, campaigned for fiscal reforms in Venezuela. Fernando Echavarria Olozaga proposed free-market solutions to Colombia's economic problems in Bogota's *El Tiempo*.



Ralph Westbom

There has been help from the United States. The Washington-based Center for International Private Enterprise has promoted reform through studies, lecture tours, and exchange programs. The White House and major banks, having put up for years with Latin lobbying and Democratic schemes to micro-manage the debt crisis, finally made it clear to Latins that debt relief will be provided only to those governments committed to sound policies. Over the last year, freely elected presidents have taken office in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Uruguay. Their ambitious agendas suggest real prospects for reform.

Argentina's President Carlos Menem has privatized the state telephone company and airline system. In his first hundred days in office, Brazil's President Fernando Collor launched a free-trade program and an anti-corruption drive. In Peru, newly elected President Alberto Fujimori has sought de Soto's advice.

Mexico has proved reforms can bring results. Working closely with the business community, President Carlos Salinas de Gortari and his economic team have adopted a mix of tax cuts, privatization, and increased foreign investment that, it is estimated, will enable Mexico's economy to grow 3 per cent this year, on par with the Western European economies. Annual inflation is now 17 per cent, down from 160 per cent in 1988, and a Brady Plan deal has significantly reduced Mexico's net transfer of resources abroad. In Chile capitalism has provided the foundation for a stable democracy, just as Milton Friedman said it would. Christian Democratic President Patricio Aylwin, elected in December, is continuing the fiscal restraint established by the "Chicago boys" (Pinochet's economy minister, Hernán Büchi, and central-bank director, Hernán Somerville), which licked the debt crisis.

The financial collapse of the Latin corporate state parallels the fall of Eastern Europe's command economies. Indeed, that is one cloud on this bright horizon: Latins fear the industrial nations will throw all their support to the former Communist countries rather than looking south. What Latins must realize is that they could finance their own reforms if they were able to mobilize their quarter-trillion-dollar pool of offshore capital.

According to a Morgan Guaranty study, flight-capital assets of ten Latin American countries exceed $243 billion—dwarfing the $5.7 billion in total loan disbursements made last year by the Inter-American Development Bank. In an effort to stop the flight of capital, Brazil's President Collor has frozen $15 billion in savings deposits for two years, and Argentina's President Menem has postponed the redemption of $1.5 billion in government

Mr. Ehrmann's columns on Latin American affairs have appeared in the Boston Globe, Chicago Tribune, *and* Christian Science Monitor.

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bonds. The deflationary "shock" both governments hoped would stabilize markets and lure flight capital back have had only qualified success, however, with recession and double-digit *monthly* inflation continuing. Hoping to stir Latin economies from this inertia, President Bush announced in June a plan to reward reforming Latin governments with reduction of official debt and the promise down the line of a hemispheric free-trade system.

Even so, the reformers are under siege. As Hernando de Soto points out, reforms will always be challenged by traditional interests. Industrial and agricultural oligopolies, which with the church and state for centuries have formed a network of mutually supporting institutions, are resisting the elimination of their lucrative subsidies and protected markets. Entrenched bureaucrats and ultramontane Catholics join in viewing Latin America's insertion into a competitive global economy as the prologue to a new era of poverty and dependence. The proximity of these special interests to the machinery of government presents a serious impediment to reform.

Latin American Catholics are encouraged in their intransigence by Pope John Paul II, who clings to his belief, expounded in Mexico this May, that capitalism is a morally inferior way of organizing human affairs. Joining him in this attack is Opus Dei, the elite Catholic lay organization. Its activities in Latin America—which range from running *barrio* soup kitchens and child-care centers to organizing university political clubs and populist "action groups"—reinforce the papal view that the capitalist culture of greed disregards the poor. The Church has distanced itself from *Candomblé* and *Umbanda*, popular Catholic movements with roots in native and African culture, whose millions of Latin followers are the backbone of the informal free-market sector.

In Bolivia, where evangelical rural entrepreneurs are demanding both economic and religious freedom, the Church is pressing the government to keep 240 of the nation's non-Catholic churches designated as illegal organizations. Bolivia's President Jaime Paz Zamora, a former Catholic seminarian, was rebuked by the bishop of La Paz, Jorge Sainz, for attending a national day of prayer sponsored by evangelicals, whom the bishop referred to as "an invasion of sects."

As a result of this and other resistance, the near-term outlook is gloomy. In Brazil, Marxists and corporatists look to make gains in congressional elections due next month, further isolating President Collor and his small National Reconstruction Party. In Argentina, President Menem lost a key provincial election and a referendum on constitutional reform last month, and has responded by packing the supreme court and the Peronist party leadership. Another round of the *blanqueo*, the fabled decree that provides across-the-board tax forgiveness (used last by the military junta when the oil boom went bust), is likely, and it won't help the cause of reform.

In Uruguay, the leftist Frente Amplio now runs the city government in Montevideo, where one-third of the nation's three million citizens reside. Allied with the National Labor Confederation (orthodox Marxist–Leninist) and with former Tupamaro guerrillas, the Frente is challenging President Lacalle's efforts to trim state employment rolls. But Foreign Minister Hector Gross-Espiell hopes that his "East–South dialogue" and better economic relations with Eastern Europe can educate the Left on the costs of collectivism and the need for reform.

If Latin America is to grow and prosper in the twenty-first century, it must attract permanent investment in productive free enterprise. For this to happen Latins must feel confident enough to invest their huge pools of flight capital in the reform process. To this end, the Collors, Menems, and Fujimoris must remove the structural impediments to reform and work to change the anti-enterprise bias of the Catholic Church. Otherwise, Latin America's economies will remain "so near to God, so far from the United States." □

Taxation and Simonization

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

CHICAGO

SOMETHING happened to Representative Lynn Martin's campaign to unseat Senator Paul Simon, the horn-rimmed, bow-tied, twangy-voiced, book-writing (12), big-spending liberal who just a couple of months ago was running backward, pursued by a doggedly anti-tax Miss Martin, who had made George Bush's read-my-lips pledge the centerpiece of her campaign, and was hounding Simon at every turn to stand still and debate.

"Our differences are clear," she said in July, setting her campaign theme in stone. "He wants to raise taxes. I do not." But then the President appeared to say "maybe," as did the Illinois Republican candidate for governor, and suddenly Lynn Martin found herself Simonized.

Miss Martin, a five-term representative, is attractive, intelligent, witty, and, as George Bush discovered when she stood in for Geraldine Ferraro in the rehearsals for the 1984 vice-presidential debates, the sort of woman for whom the word feisty was invented. Also in 1984, she was elected vice-chairman of the House Republican Conference, the first woman to make it into the GOP House leadership.

Stephen Moros

However, all that doesn't necessarily feed the bulldog. By putting all her chips on the Bush tax pledge, Lynn Martin wound up without an issue; some recent polls show her more than 25 points down. You can't fault her, of

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter, works for a major corporation in Chicago.

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course, for taking the President at his word. Furthermore, as a moderate Republican she doesn't bring out the passionate ideological conservatives; and because of her long-standing pro-choice views, she cannot call on the highly organized and politically potent pro-life constituency.

In any case, the effect of the President's turnaround was devastating. When the pledge is no longer across-the-board, candidates can be selective. Raise some, leave others alone. It becomes a matter of *which* taxes are preferable, and this is an area that Simon had already staked out with proposals for increased sin taxes.

The Bush tax bombshell was bad enough. But then came Souter and Saddam, and the process of Simonization seemed complete.

Part of it was Simon's incredible good fortune in House committee assignments. A basic thrust of the Martin campaign was to portray Simon as a fuzzy-headed internationalist, out of touch with Illinois and his heartland constituents. Miss Martin had started to portray him as "part-time Paul from a full-time state," more concerned with his role on the Foreign Relations Committee than with serving the folks back home. This, in fact, was a precise mirror image of the campaign that Simon had waged against Chuck Percy in 1984. But then came the Iraqi invasion, and suddenly it seemd absolutely right for Illinois to have a senator on the Foreign Relations Committee, one who, despite his ultra-dovish past, was the first off the mark in Washington with a call to blow up the Iraqi pipelines.

Considering that earlier Simon had called for a $100-billion cut in defense spending, a frustrated Representative Martin could be forgiven another limp attempt at a political zinger, this one labeling Simon "an election-year macho man."

NOR, TO ADD insult to injury, was Saddamization enough. There's also the ongoing process, during lulls on the geopolitical front, of Souterization. As Lynn Martin's phenomenal bad luck would have it, Simon is also a member of the Judiciary Committee. (Her committee is—ugh—Rules.) Thus, while she is reduced to attempting to break into a Simon streetcorner rally in Chicago or debating with a tape recorder in Ottawa, Illinois, as she did recently, Simon can be heard on nearly every news, talk, and interview show in Illinois and beyond, if not discussing war and peace and the fate of the West, then issuing thoughtful and judicious comments on the legacy of Justice Brennan and the qualifications of David Souter.

Marvelous air time. And all free. And—oh, yes. Back to taxes. Simon is also a member of the Budget Committee. And although his proclivities for spending and taxing are a matter of record, he has also been busy pushing the Balanced Budget Amendment, of which he is a sponsor.

That's not to say that Simon's track to November is clear. In fact, Miss Martin may finally have an issue, albeit a fortuitous and essentially negative one. Recently the *Chicago Sun–Times* revealed that Simon had made a call to the president of the First Nationwide Financial Corporation on behalf of a longtime Simon financial supporter whose company had defaulted on a $5-million loan from a troubled Illinois S&L.

Miss Martin, who has had little cause for glee, gleefully called for a Senate Ethics Committee investigation, and Simon's response has thus far been as suspect as a barmaid's blush. "In public-relations terms, I would not do it again," Simon told reporters. "In terms of substance, I would do it again."

During the two debates scheduled in October, this may prove especially damaging to Simon, a man who has carefully cultivated an image of rectitude. In this regard, his earlier, highly moralistic sermonettes on the S&L mess don't help.

At any rate, as the last two months of the campaign get under way, the feeling is that Lynn Martin is a candidate very much alone, ready to embark on the hardball campaign that Roger Ailes is putting together for her, but cast adrift by the President who, along with James Thompson, persuaded her to run, and who sold her on the issue of no new taxes.

IN THE gubernatorial race, there's a twist on this theme. The issue is taxes, but the Republican candidate, Secretary of State Jim Edgar, is perceived as being on the wrong side of the issue—the tax-and-spend side. His opponent, Democratic Attorney General Neil Hartigan, is flying around the state, outlining a plan for cutting the state budget by $573 million, campaigning against higher taxes, and hanging the big-spending liberal tag on Edgar.

Steve Baer demonstrated in the Republican primary just how potent the tax issue had become in Illinois, when he took one-third of the vote away from Edgar with taxes (plus abortion) as the centerpiece of his campaign. Hartigan has now ridden the issue from a position far back in the polls in midsummer to a dead heat with Edgar by Labor Day. The tax issue involves a two-year 20 per cent surcharge on the state income tax, due to expire on June 30, 1991. Edgar favors renewing this surcharge, claiming that without it property taxes, the single greatest cause of taxpayer grief in the state, would go up. Hartigan, although at times rather vaguely calling for eliminating only half the surcharge, nevertheless slams Edgar in his attack videos for advocating the surcharge extension.

Edgar, meanwhile, like Lynn Martin, is going with the S&L issue. His first post–Labor Day 60-second television ad was an uncharacteristically personal attack, in which Edgar—obviously stung by his drop in the polls—charges Hartigan with wrongdoing in his involvement with a defunct Chicago S&L. Unfortunately for Edgar, Hartigan resigned from the board in 1968 and was officially exonerated. Nor does the Edgar ad single out any instance of malfeasance. Gossip has it that the fine hand of Roger Ailes is at work here.

In the end, it is widely believed that the suburban vote will determine the outcome of the election, and at this writing neither candidate can convincingly lay claim to that vote. It was in the suburbs that the tax revolt was born and in turn gave birth to Steve Baer's phenomenal primary showing. Baer fans were outraged by taxes, and also morally offended by Edgar's pro-choice position on abortion. Hartigan shares that position, but some of his advisors are urging him to modify it (as a Roman Catholic from a conservative parish, he could more than justify his change of heart morally).

Meanwhile, with the guns of August having blown away many of this year's expected issues, everything is up for grabs. □

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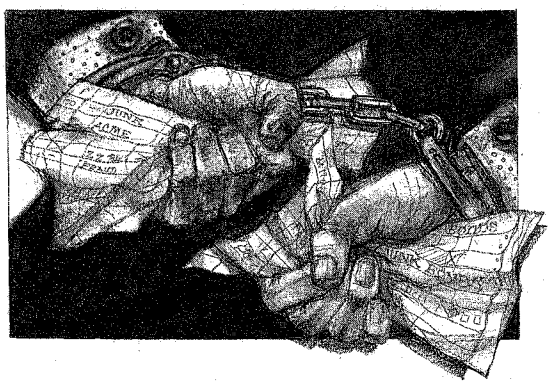
MILKEN AND HIS ENEMIES



Michael Milken has become the symbol of Eighties Greed. Looking at his accusers in the prosecutor's office and the press, one might equally ponder the uses of Power and Envy.

L. GORDON CROVITZ

WHEN SHE was nominated to be a federal trial judge in 1988, Kimba Wood could not have imagined that she would so soon be asked to sort out the most publicized criminal prosecution ever on Wall Street. What Judge Wood faces in October is a burden traditionally rare in American criminal law. Instead of asking only the usual questions about the level of wrong committed by the defendant, if she closely analyzes the record, she will ultimately have to ask a very different question: What could possibly have led prosecutors to such abuses of their awesome power? Judge Wood must decide whether sentencing will be judgment day for Michael Milken alone or also for his enemies.

Enemy #1: The Zealous Prosecutor

FEW MAY realize that U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani and his colleagues traded down when they cut a deal with Ivan Boesky in exchange for the supposedly bigger fish of Mr. Milken. Mr. Boesky admitted to being a thief. He traded suitcases of cash for inside information stolen by investment bankers from their clients, information he used as an arbitrageur to profit from small price changes in takeover stocks. There is an enormous moral and legal divide between the corruption of markets admitted by Mr. Boesky and the comparatively trivial offenses admitted by Mr. Milken. Yet Mr. Boesky was sentenced to three years in jail and fined $100 million, whereas prosecutors want at least five years for Mr. Milken. They would be happier with the maximum 28 years. This failure of proportionality is par for the course in the curious prosecution of Michael Milken.

Mr. Milken's settlement with federal prosecutors in April 1990 was the end point of his March 1989 indictment on 98 counts alleging serious crimes permeating the junk-bond market, including insider trading and violations of the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations law. With the rubber hose of RICO, the prosecutors persuaded Mr. Milken to settle: he faced 520 years in prison and fines of $11 billion. He eventually pleaded guilty to six counts, none of them involving insider trading or racketeering.

What happened to move Mr. Milken from indictment to settlement despite claims of innocence is critically important to assessing both his character and his plea. Mr. Milken deserves a new wrinkle on the presumption of innocence—the presumption of RICO.

Rudolph Giuliani, who ran for mayor of New York City as a crimebuster, will be remembered instead as the federal prosecutor who made RICO famous. The law, passed as part of an organized-crime bill in 1970, had the sole purpose of strengthening the hand of prosecutors trying to lock up mobsters. One of the original proposals was a simple provision making it a crime to be a member of the Mafia. The Supreme Court frowns on so-called status crimes, however, so Congress instead tried to write RICO to cover the mob without mentioning it by name. It wound up writing the definition so broadly that almost any activity can become "racketeering." All it takes is two "predicate acts" within ten years as part of a "pattern" involving a "criminal enterprise." In other words, RICO violations are the American equivalent of the Soviet crime of hooliganism.

The Justice Department understood the risks of RICO well enough to send U.S. attorneys a separate set of guidelines for using it. Mr. Giuliani apparently never got his copy. The guidelines tell prosecutors not to bring "'imaginative' prosecutions under RICO which are far afield from the congressional purpose of the RICO stat-

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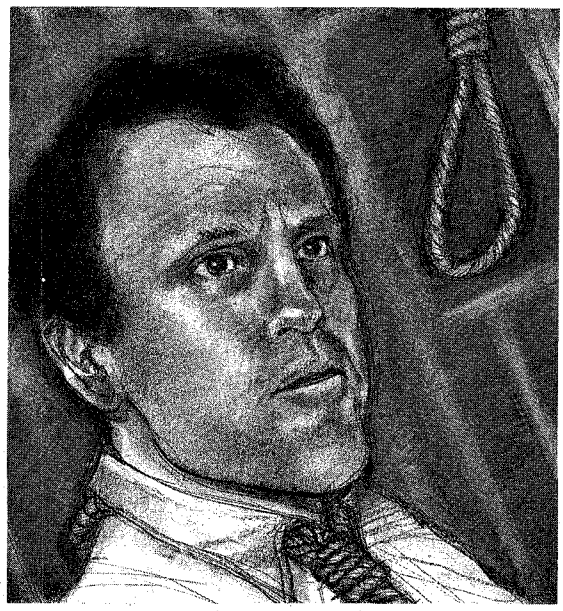
ute," defined as "the infiltration of organized crime into the nation's economy." Prosecutors are also prohibited from using RICO to coerce a plea bargain or persuade a witness to testify. These safeguards are necessary because of the pre-trial powers RICO gives prosecutors, including the ability to get a court order freezing the assets of a target *before trial*.

The dry run for the Milken trial was the case Mr. Giuliani brought against the comparatively small securities firm of Princeton/Newport. The racketeering counts arose from end-of-year tax trades that prosecutors claimed were shams. No such case had ever been tried under RICO or under any other criminal statute, and there remains a good case that the trades were perfectly legal, but Princeton/Newport was apparently only a means to a greater end. A defense lawyer told a reporter that a prosecutor had told him: "We have no real interest in Princeton/Newport" except as a way to "get Drexel Burnham Lambert and others. We have bigger fish to fry and we will roll over you to get where we want to go."



Janet Hamlin

Prosecutors deny the quote, but roll they did. They demanded pre-trial seizures of $23.8 million from the firm. Investors such as the Harvard endowment decided they couldn't risk having their investments seized, so they pulled out, forcing Princeton/Newport into liquidation before trial.

Perhaps even more horrifying, prosecutors used this case to show that they could win convictions without proving any substantive offense. They told jurors to ignore the technical tax arguments—the only alleged crime in the case—and instead convict the defendants because, "Doesn't it sound sleazy? If it sounds sleazy, it's because it is sleazy."

If this prosecutorial style sounds sleazy, the Justice Department agreed. It issued two rare amendments to the RICO guidelines, one telling prosecutors never again to bring a tax case masquerading as a RICO case, the other prohibiting the use of RICO to squeeze a legitimate business into liquidation before trial.

This came too late to save the Princeton/Newport defendants from liquidation, and it came too late as well for Mr. Milken and Drexel. Faced with the possibility of a RICO indictment, the Drexel board decided to cop a plea, although a peculiar kind of plea: guilty to charges "which the company is not in a position to dispute"—i.e., because RICO threatened to put the firm out of business. Drexel agreed to pay a fine of $650 million and fire Mr. Milken. It also agreed to two unprecedented demands, that it withhold income Mr. Milken had already earned, and that no Drexel employee or client would so much as speak with Mr. Milken. By the time prosecutors admitted that expropriating money owed Mr. Milken was unconstitutional, his absence from the firm and a massive regulatory attack on junk bonds had forced Drexel into liquidation.

What was Mr. Milken accused of doing that warranted all of this effort? The fact that he had made enormous amounts of money raised suspicions. Prosecutors such as Mr. Giuliani, whose experience was trying Mafia families and big drug dealers, can perhaps be forgiven for wondering if even the most brilliant of finance-theory nerds could earn such sums legally. They seem to have believed Mr. Boesky when he said that Mr. Milken was an even bigger insider trader than he was. Nonetheless, they could apparently not find even one solid count of insider trading, although Mr. Milken probably had more valuable inside information at his disposal than anyone else in history. What kind of criminal was this, who didn't trade on the information he had?

There is good circumstantial evidence that the prosecutors in these cases (including some functionaries of the Securities and Exchange Commission) do not understand financial markets. According to a defense lawyer, for instance, a high-ranking official at the Justice Department asserted during plea negotiations that hostile takeovers were by definition illegal. Or take Mr. Giuliani's involvement with former investment banker Martin Siegel.

Mr. Siegel admitted to taking from Mr. Boesky suitcases containing some $700,000 in cash in exchange for Mr. Siegel's information about his clients' takeovers. In the course of copping a plea Mr. Siegel gave the prosecutors information that led to the Case of the Giuliani 3: the investment bankers—Robert Freeman, Richard Wigton, and Timothy Tabor—whom Mr. Giuliani had arrested and handcuffed at their desks. They were accused of massive insider trading, but it was all a big mistake. Mr. Giuliani had to drop the case; he promised a new indictment in "record time," but eventually released Messrs. Wigton and Tabor from legal limbo, their careers shattered. All he got was a small consolation prize in the form of a bizarre guilty plea on a separate count from Mr. Freeman, based on Mr. Siegel's having once told him, "Your Bunny has a good nose."

An unknown Richard Wigton is one thing. Mr. Milken was quite another. Maybe in their heart of hearts the prosecutors eventually realized their grand conspiracy theory that junk bonds had been built on some criminal scheme was a mirage. Maybe not. Either way, they couldn't let Mr. Milken off entirely. They had the RICO cudgel and they used it. They had also indicted his brother Lowell as a co-racketeer and used him as a hos-

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tage. They sent an FBI agent to speak with his 92-year-old grandfather. They indicted for perjury and won a conviction of Lisa Jones, a 26-year-old low-level assistant at Drexel; the clear lesson was that anyone who failed to cooperate would get nailed.

So what did Mr. Milken admit? He did not admit to any of the 98 original counts. None of the offenses to which he did admit were obvious crimes—the sorts of activities where suitcases of cash would be a natural tool of the trade. Most of them involved "aiding and abetting" someone else's failure to disclose. These were all offenses that until recently would have been dealt with through civil, not criminal, procedures, and probably only by a stern letter from the SEC.

The most serious plea concerns what appears to be an accommodation involving Finsbury Fund Ltd. Again, the crime was failure to disclose. Here's what happened. Drexel salesmen sold the fund to investors overseas in exchange for a 1 per cent commission. To pay the commission, David Solomon of Finsbury agreed with Mr. Milken and with Drexel that he would pay a fraction more for securities Drexel sold his fund (though still within the bidding price range). The legal problem was that Finsbury failed to disclose this arrangement to its shareholders. Mr. Milken's crime was in failing to note this arrangement in the confirmation slips he mailed to Mr. Solomon.

The payments would have been legal if disclosed, but there is nothing to excuse Mr. Milken's participation in this scheme, which is the only evidence in his plea that any of his actions may have cost anyone anything—

If we are about to enter a recession, it will be in large part owing to regulatory overreaction to criticism of the forces symbolized by Michael Milken.

though Mr. Milken could argue at his sentencing that shareholders actually lost nothing. After all, they would have had to pay the commission one way or another.

But that's not the way it looked to SEC Chairman Richard Breeden. "If someone walked into a hotel where Finsbury shareholders were staying, pulled out a machine gun, and robbed them, everyone would regard that as a serious event," Mr. Breeden said. "I regard this as equally serious."

It may be helpful to review the jail sentences for other Wall Street defendants. The clear trend has been toward greater skepticism in the Wall Street cases brought during the Giuliani era. Judge Morris Lasker gave Mr. Boesky three years. Judge Robert Ward gave Mr. Siegel two months. Judge Robert Carter refused to order any punishment for any of the Princeton/Newport defendants on any RICO count. Judge Pierre Leval gave Mr. Freeman, who pleaded guilty to mail fraud, four months and refused to consider allegations that prosecutors were not willing to try in a courtroom. Judge Lasker gave Boyd Jefferies, who pleaded to several technical offenses after being implicated by Mr. Boesky, a five-year suspended sentence teaching golf to disadvantaged youth in Aspen.

Yet Mr. Milken's prosecutors hope for a sentence of many years; a sentence based partly on charges they never had the confidence to try and that Mr. Milken never admitted. This may have more to do with who Mr. Milken is and what he represents than with any crimes he may have committed. Only Mr. Milken's role as the leading influence on the financial markets in the 1980s explains the lengths to which prosecutors have gone to bring him down.

Enemy #2: Foes in the Market

IT IS a telling irony that Mr. Milken, although wildly successful, remained anonymous until he became involved in the hostile-takeover battles. Ironic because less than 10 per cent of the junk bonds went to finance these takeovers. Ironic also because the corporate managers at targeted companies and Mr. Milken's former competitors on Wall Street must already miss the heady days of the 1980s when stock prices and volume only went up. If we are about to enter a recession, it will be in large part owing to regulatory overreaction to criticism of the laissez-faire forces symbolized by Michael Milken.

Mr. Milken built his career on a simple observation. When he was a student at Wharton he realized that people commonly make the mistake of assuming that what happened in the past is necessarily a good indicator of the future; if this were true, railroad stocks would still make up the bulk of Big Board listings. From this insight, Mr. Milken came up with the hypothesis that the credit-rating agencies, on which investment bankers had long relied to assess the credit-worthiness of firms, might systematically err in favor of firms with long histories and high reported earnings. He would in time conclude that what really counted was future cash flow and the quality of a firm's management team. When he became head of the high-yield-bond department at the then sleepy Drexel firm, he trained a team to go out and find good investments. Suddenly entrepreneurs were no longer at the mercy of a few large investment banks or insurance funds.

Junk is in the eye of the beholder. Only some eight hundred companies in the United States now enjoy what is called "investment grade" ratings. This leaves junk bonds for 99.9 per cent of all U.S. companies and 95 per cent of companies with revenues of $35 million or more. The politicians may not realize it, but there are many states that have only junk-bond-grade firms incorporated in them. No minority-owned firm qualifies for anything other than junk financing. Mr. Milken helped raise funds for more than one thousand smaller firms, many of which have become household names,

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such as MCI Communications, Kinder-Care, and the Turner Broadcasting System.

The danger came with the beginning of the great takeover wars between corporate titans and their often upstart challengers. Again, Mr. Milken was often found hand in hand with the upstarts. The debate over whether takeovers were on the whole good or bad should have been settled when hundreds of billions of dollars flowed directly into the pockets of shareholders—pension plans and mom-and-pop investors, as well as the big players.

However, by providing funds to people like T. Boone Pickens, Ronald Perelman, and Carl Icahn for takeovers, Mr. Milken made a set of enemies even more powerful than the old-style investment bankers. Now he had to contend with entrenched managers at big corporations who saw him as a threat to their comfy status quo. No one will probably ever know how big a role these executives played in directing regulatory and prosecutorial attention toward Mr. Milken.

There are many measures of the change in the markets that Mr. Milken above any other helped to provoke. Between 1970 and 1989, the total number of private-sector jobs went from 59 million to more than 91 million. During that time, the Fortune 500 companies—most of them, of course, of investment grade—accounted for a loss of more than two million jobs. Yet because of small and medium-sized firms, net job increase was still more than 32 million. Contrary to accepted wisdom, incidentally, this was not accomplished through an orgy of dangerous debt. Many firms did take on more debt, but this was not the general trend. According to Federal Reserve data, in 1970 the equity value of corporations (excluding financial institutions) exceeded debt by $300 billion. By the recession of 1974, debt exceeded equity by $20 billion. At the end of 1989, equity again exceeded debt, this time by $1.2 trillion.

Of course the one bankable prediction that can be made about financial markets is that they will never recognize too much of a good thing. By the late 1980s, voices were heard saying that many firms had gone beyond the point where it made sense to take on more debt. It has gone largely unnoticed that one of these voices was that of Mr. Milken. He maintained that the early, highly leveraged deals he and others had designed were sound—they could be financed out of cash flow and asset sales during a growth period—but warned that times and circumstances change.

As early as 1987, his *High Yield Newsletter* declared, "The byword is equitize." In 1989, Mr. Milken gave a speech warning that, although the market had changed, many bankers wanted to copy financial structures for deals "that came out of the Xerox machine in 1985." He added, "The market is saying, Give us more equity. Turn your debt into equity. Hopefully more people will listen." Many didn't. It's worth noting that Mr. Milken explicitly warned against some of the infamous busted junk-bond deals of the past few years, such as the disastrous Campeau takeover of Federated Department Stores.

The latest attack on Mr. Milken has been a bizarre attempt by some congressmen and thrift regulators to make him a scapegoat for the savings-and-loan crisis. There are a few problems with this attempt. For one thing, Congress's own General Accounting Office found that junk bonds were the second best investment by thrifts, after credit cards. For another, losses to thrifts from just a few crazy real-estate deals dwarf the potential losses from their entire holdings of junk bonds. The total thrift portfolio is more than $1 trillion, of which about $10 billion is in junk bonds. Even if all these bonds became worthless overnight, this would be a drop in the thrift-crisis bucket.

None of this, of course, stopped Congress from making the thrift crisis worse by poisoning the junk-bond market. Congress passed a killer law requiring that the thrifts divest all their junk-bond holdings over five years. This had two unintended consequences. The first was that about 7 per cent of the junk bonds held by S&Ls were artificially forced into the supply looking for buyers. All junk-bond prices promptly fell.

The other effect was that once thrifts were required to sell their junk bonds, accounting rules required them to "mark to market," meaning the thrifts had immediately to reduce to the level of the falling market the value at which they carried bonds on their books. (However, thrifts have not been permitted to mark the bonds back up as the junk-bond market has improved.) The few thrifts that had invested heavily in junk bonds got hit with the third whammy: new regulatory capital-requirement rules meant that the marked-to-market revaluation put some thrifts into technical default.

If the 1980s were marked by growth and a booming stock market, it looks as if at least the beginning of the 1990s will be remembered as the return of the "credit crunch." Credit has become tight even for established firms. Property values are falling nationwide. Who will be the next Michael Milken, with a way out of this creeping malaise? And will this economic savior risk offering innovative financial solutions, or will he be deterred by the possibility of a criminal prosecution?

Enemy #3: The Social Critics

MICHAEL MILKEN's lawyers knew that his case would have to be fought at many levels when part of the indictment was an emphasis on his income. Notre Dame law professor Robert Blakey, who drafted the RICO law and has become its chief apologist, was a typical spokesman for the expected reaction. "Nobody else made that much in the history of the country except for Al Capone," he said. No doubt, $550 million in the single year of 1987 does raise questions. However, no voices were heard complaining that chain-store owner Sam Walton earned $4 billion the same year, while the publishing brothers Si and David Newhouse earned $2.4 billion each, and Trammell Crow, Rupert Murdoch, and Ray Hunt each added more than $1 billion to his net worth.

One difference of course was that Mr. Milken's $550

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million was income earned from his own activities, while the others benefited chiefly from appreciated assets. But the real cause for the outrage against Mr. Milken obviously was that he upset so many interests in the process. The reactions of established Wall Street figures and big-business executives were understandable, though not laudable.

What was less understandable was the general reaction of the press. Somehow, during the 1980s, prosecutorial journalists, working hand in glove with government prosecutors, came to the fore, creating an atmosphere where presumption of innocence fell by the wayside.

One example is the extraordinary number of press accounts during 1989 about the "superseding" indictment of Mr. Milken that never came. This was supposed to add new and more credible charges to the ones in the original indictment. By one count, there were some two dozen newspaper articles promising a new indictment any day: "within the next several months," "before Labor Day," "by October 1," "weeks, not months," "in November," "before year end." Each of these articles presented Mr. Milken's lawyers with phantom charges that they had no way of defending against.

Part of the problem may have been Mr. Milken's initial reticence about speaking up for himself in the press. Edward Jay Epstein described Mr. Milken's surprisingly middle-class lifestyle in a 1987 article in the *Los Angeles Times*. "I have one house, one wife, one cat, and one car," Mr. Milken told Mr. Epstein in a rare interview. Mr. Milken is married to his high-school sweetheart and lives in a comfortable but hardly lavish house in the same Los Angeles neighborhood where he grew up, reports say.

Yet, after the plea bargain, the *Houston Chronicle* wrote: "The legality and productivity of his actions aside, the values that Milken embraced were corrupt." The *Miami Herald* warned, "If the government accepts a mere five years as part of Milken's plea bargain, then it will be blessing the rape, the theft, and the greed." To Hobart Rowen, Mr. Milken was "the living symbol of financial greed that dominated the 1980s." Why not capital punishment?

The largely negative press coverage was not without its gallows humor. Ben Stein is a former Nixon speechwriter turned novelist and Hollywood's favorite nasal-voiced character actor, with regular appearances as the obnoxious teacher on TV's *The Wonder Years*. He also has probably written more articles critical of Mr. Milken, beginning in 1985, than any other writer. Yet in November 1988, it later became known, Mr. Stein sent Mr. Milken a letter asking for a job.

The letter offers Mr. Stein's no doubt considerable services as "in-house vetter of deals from a fairness-to-stockholders standpoint" and as a "teacher of ethics to your young and bright colleagues." Mr. Milken apparently never responded to the offer. After the plea agreement, Mr. Stein made what remains the most fantastic accusation yet made against Mr. Milken. In arguing for the disclosure of grand-jury evidence (which would be a crime), Mr. Stein wrote in the *New York Times* that "If organized crime was linked in a big way to Drexel and Mr. Milken, this is well worth knowing." Can Mr. Stein possibly believe that the RICO charges constitute a link between Mr. Milken and organized crime?

Mr. Milken's offended social critics might be cheered by a calculation of what happened to the $1.1 billion the government disclosed that he earned during the four years 1984 through 1987. No tax shelter exists for this kind of income, so at the higher rates then in effect he probably paid about $500 million in federal and state taxes. His staff reported last year that during this period the family trusts he created more than a decade ago gave away some $300 million to schools and other charities. Then there was the $600 million he paid the government to settle the case. This means he paid $1.4 billion out of his $1.1-billion income, for a net of negative $300 million. No doubt he retains substantial earnings from before and after this period, but he may not be quite as wealthy as some assume.

Notre Dame law professor Robert Blakey was typical of the social critics: 'Nobody else,' he said, 'made that much in the history of the country except for Al Capone.'

Over time, the prosecution of Mr. Milken will be seen as ranking with other ugly incidents of outrage against anyone who symbolizes forces that undermine the status quo and discomfort the comfortable. Significantly, Mr. Milken had arranged nearly $1 billion of financing for Reginald Lewis's bid in 1987 for TLC Beatrice International, which remains by far the largest black-owned firm. This is what the Milken revolution brought: a new efficiency to markets that left no one untouched. Getting capital to entrepreneurs made for a booming growth market, but threatened the old ways. The same truth is even more pressing with the takeover market, which leaves no room for management error.

For now, however, Judge Wood will be under extraordinary pressure to justify the exertions by Mr. Milken's enemies to make him pay for his successes. But if she is looking for judicial precedent to do justice in this case, she might begin her sentencing hearing with these words from Justice Louis Brandeis: "It is immaterial that the intrusion was in aid of law enforcement. Experience should teach us to be most on guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to invasions of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachments by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." □

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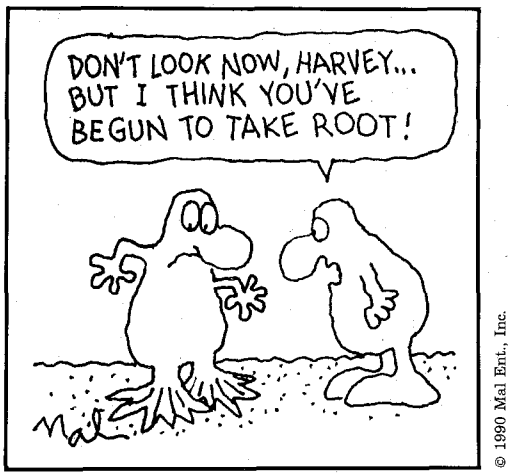

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Then sunshine shone in every zone
  Collective farmers dwell.
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  The ripe wheat waves and weaves,
Where all will rot, since no one's hot
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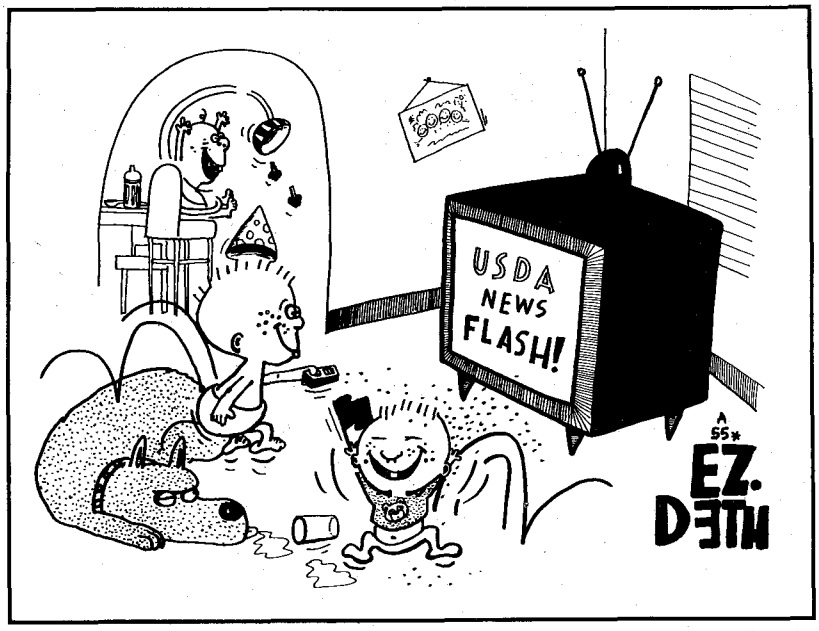
W. H. VON DREELE



". . . broccoli and spinach crops wiped out—update at six."

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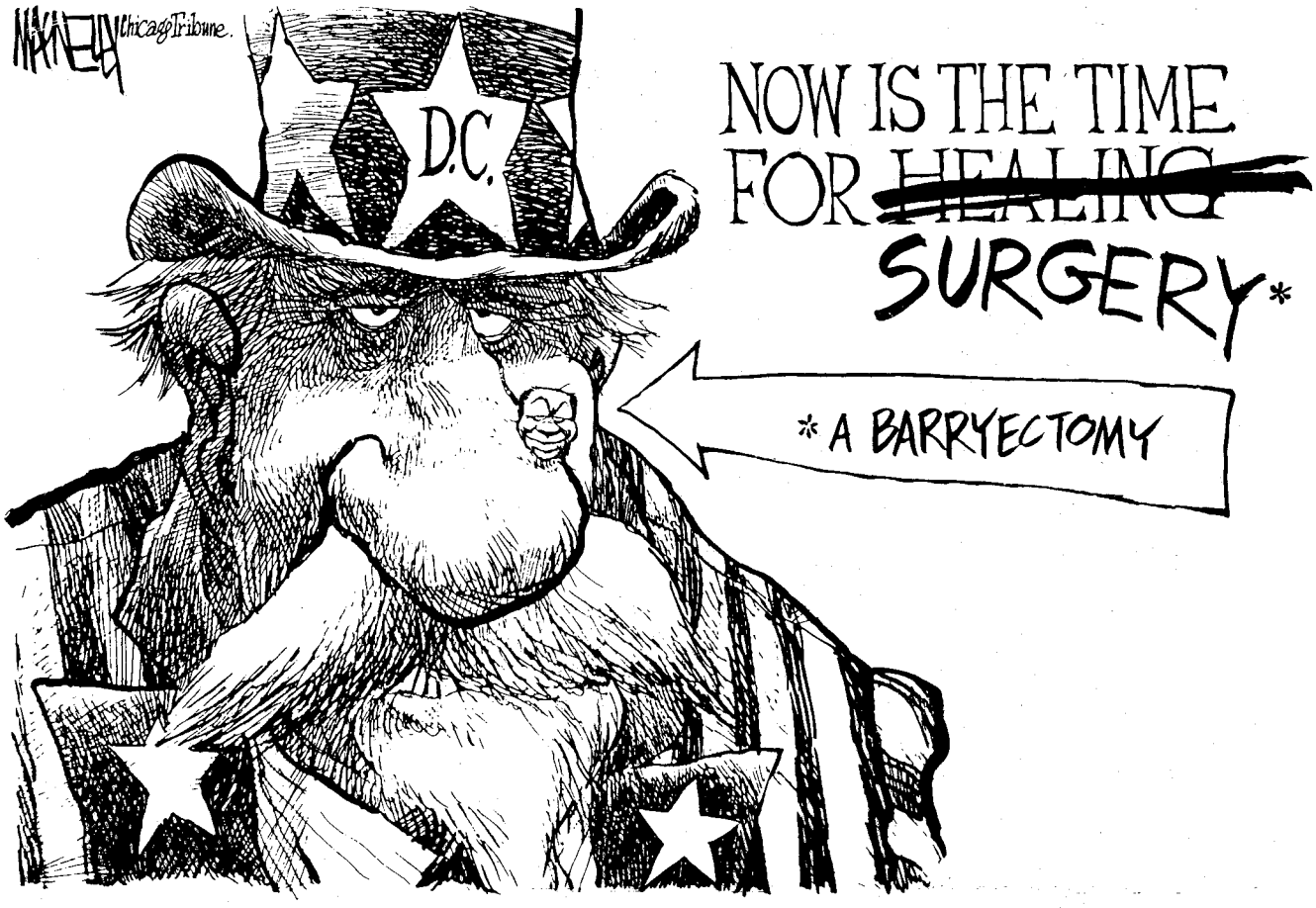

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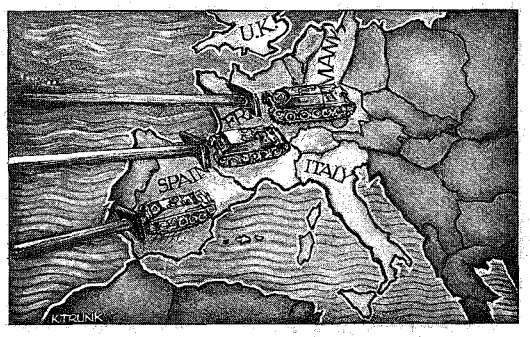
ATLANTIC OVERTURES



Americans—and many Europeans—have watched passively as the New Europe approached. But events from Berlin to Baghdad make clear that we must act now in defense of freedom and peace, in Europe and here.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER

AS WE approach 1992 and the coming of the Common Market, we hear more and more about the new political and economic organizations that will evolve or be created to deal with the new situations, opportunities, and challenges that will arise in both Western and Eastern Europe.

People who run governments are always on the lookout for "action-forcing events." If such events are not in sight, then you do not have to take any action, which in turn means you do not have to offend too many people. And that, sadly, is the principal goal of many, since it is considered a sure route to re-election.

But when Eastern Europe begins to emerge as many sovereign independent nations with no central direction, and when there are many people trying to push the sovereign, independent nations of Western Europe into some type of single new country under some type of central direction, it is clear that we have "action-forcing events."

What actions should these events force?

First, let us consider what should be our objectives—what should we be trying to achieve as the old order in both Eastern and Western Europe changes in the convulsions taking place virtually every week?

One thing we do know on the basis of more than forty years' experience: the links between America and Western Europe must be kept at least as strong as they are now. We are not linked to Europe for the purely altruistic purpose of helping Europe. We are there because that is the best way to keep both peace and freedom in Western Europe and the United States, and it is the best place from which to defend the U.S. *and* Europe if attacks should come from the East.

Our active participation in NATO, and large contributions to it, have been major factors in encouraging others to contribute, and thus in keeping NATO strong enough to achieve its objectives.

Now many are talking about other organizations to replace NATO, but no one has yet explained why we should invent something new to replace an entity that has accomplished everything we wanted and Europe needed, for four decades.

Our current passion for doing everything to promote Gorbachev, while refraining from doing anything anyone thinks might provoke him, has led many to believe we can best serve our national interest by replacing NATO with the CSCE, an organization of some 35 countries, including the U.S. and Canada. If that should happen, and if the NATO strategy of flexible response to any threat to the West, including a nuclear response, should be abandoned, then the Soviets would have accomplished their long-held goal of effectively decoupling the U.S. from Europe.

If we accept the idea that the United States could not survive for long if Europe were overrun by forces unfriendly to us, then it seems clear that we must have the continuation of a strong NATO as our first objective. The many welcome changes in the USSR still do not guarantee that the threat from that quarter has vanished, particularly when we see the size of the Soviets' military and the quality of their weapons and equipment.

Putting Our Oar In

SECOND, we must consider what sort of Common Market we would like to see, and then actively seek to achieve that by using the most effective advocacy we can produce.

Up until now we have rather passively watched the birth pangs of the Common Market, as we have assumed it would evolve from the Single European Act. Many, including Mrs. Thatcher, hoped this Single European Act would bring Europe-wide deregulation and encouragement to free-market economies. Instead, driven by the Brussels bureaucracy led by Mr. Jacques Delors, the Common Market seems to be evolving into a single Europe, a whole new country, with the rapid erosion of the national sovereignty of each of the member countries.

If the individual countries are no longer able to determine their own tax policies and rates, their own policies of regulation or deregulation, their own currency, whether or not they want free-market economies, and countless

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other matters, such as the wages they or their companies will be able to pay (Portugal, for example, obtained special permission to continue to pay the lowest wages in Europe), then vastly more than a Common Market will be the result.

Many in Europe strongly favor what Mr. Delors is trying to accomplish, that is, found a new country on the remains of the current member states. Some in England, notably Michael Heseltine, who hopes to succeed Margaret Thatcher as prime minister, frankly favor this as a means of weakening Britain's alliance with the United States, and shifting to a closer relationship with Europe. Their arguments are generally cast as supporting a program to ensure that England will have a leadership role in the new United Europe, which, it is said, will be lost if the UK does not support everything the rest of the Common Market nations seem to want.

Fortress Europe

SO FOR those who believe America's interests are best served by maintaining and strengthening our individual alliances with our proven friends, these ambitions to turn a Common Market into a new country are disturbing indeed. Then too, we have long worried about the Common Market becoming a Fortress Europe with strongly protective measures making it more, not less, difficult for us to trade with Europe. The more individual sovereignty each European country retains, the less likely it would be that *common* protectionist measures would be adopted. And the same is true of the danger that a new United Europe would become more socialist even as we see the daily proof that socialist–Communist economies do not work. That is again a source of Mrs. Thatcher's reluctance to enter into the bold new schemes for a new Europe—quite understandably, she does not wish to see her decade-long efforts to move Britain back to free-market economics reversed by a European bureaucracy.

Thus our interests would seem to argue strongly for a true Common Market, open to trading by and with all, without protectionist barriers, and with individual sovereignties at least alive enough to recognize the vital necessity of military alliances such as NATO.

This latter point is particularly important because many of the more advanced ideas of the new Europe even contemplate taking away from the member countries such basic aspects of their own sovereignty as making up their own budgets. If rates and types of taxation are to be determined by the European Parliament, or, worse, by a European bureaucracy, the allocation of whatever revenues are left to individual countries may well be the next item to be controlled by the new Europe. Would it be in our interest to have security policy and security resources so determined? I think not. Would it add to Europe's security, and ours, if a European Parliament decided to scrap the British and French independent nuclear deterrents? Clearly not.

Third, we cannot overlook the effects of outside events on Europe; and we must ask whether individual European countries are better able to deal with those problems than a new United Europe. We do not have to look beyond the last few weeks for such events. There seems to be general agreement that the oil-price increases caused by Saddam Hussein's naked aggression against Kuwait will at least slow Western growth and weaken the West's present buoyant economy. If oil prices should reach $35 to $40 a barrel, a deep recession in Western Europe would be all too likely. If there then had to be an allocation of available oil made by a European organization rather than by national means, there would be no country, even those with their own oil reserves, able to lead Europe out of a recession, and that surely would not be in America's interest.

So, to sum up, I would propose that we should take a far more active interest in the Common Market and throw our weight on the side of keeping individual sovereignties alive and strong, while encouraging progress toward a *true* Common Market; that we should make clear our continued support for a strong NATO, as it is now constituted; and that we should continue our wise policies in the Mideast, recognizing the damage that would result to Europe and to ourselves if a steady, reliable flow of reasonably priced energy were cut off by the ambitions of Saddam Hussein or someone like him in the future. That requires our being willing to take the strong actions we are taking to stop him and his like, now *and* in the future. □

ON THE HOME FRONT

BUSH'S IMPRACTICAL PRAGMATISM

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—On an easy Friday afternoon in late July, a group of senior Administration aides was sitting in the White House Mess having lunch when the word filtered through: Justice William J. Brennan was resigning from the Supreme Court. The reaction

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at the table was virtually uniform. "Oh, s---," said one.

In a few hours these same men would go into high gear, so that by Monday morning George Bush could announce that his choice to replace Brennan was David Souter, whose approval seems all but certain and who will probably turn out to be the strict constructionist the President says he is, with the potential to shift the High Court decisively to the right. But the episode in the Mess was revealing. Instinct told these people that this event was a predicament, not an opportunity.

Small in itself, the incident nonetheless illustrates the tremendous disparity between the Bush approach and that of his predecessor. Whereas the Reagan people arrived in Washington with a specific agenda of what they wanted to change, the Bush people see themselves as professionals, managers

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

IF EVER there were a textbook case on how to offend a key constituency by courting one that won't ever vote for you, it has to be the Bush Administration's wooing of the homosexual lobby at the expense of its conservative core.

This brouhaha goes back to the spring, when Bobbie Kilberg of the public-liaison office invited representatives from the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the Human Rights Campaign Fund, and the California Log Cabin Republican Club to the signing of the Hate Crimes Statistics Act. This was the first time that homosexual activists participated in an official White House ceremony. The significance was not lost upon gays, who crowed, or conservatives, who balked.

Almost immediately, the White House damage-control team went into action. A top Bush official called Paul Weyrich to say the invitations to homosexual activists were a mistake that would not be repeated. Many conservatives were not buying: the invitations to the White House signing—indeed, the decision to have a public signing—came on top of efforts by a burgeoning pro-choice movement within the Republican Party to strip the pro-life language from the platform, the well-publicized announcement by Bush that he opposed "censorship" of NEA funding, and the general downplaying of the issues that animate social conservatives. Leaders of the Southern Baptist Convention wrote the President to express their "distress" at his "giving such sanction and support to homosexual and lesbian lifestyles."

"During the campaign," says Richard Cizik, a policy analyst with the National Association of Evangelicals, which includes 47 member denominations, "George Bush went to considerable pains to let us know, 'Hey, I'm one of you.' But now that he's in the White House we're getting a completely different set of signals."

The initial anger abated somewhat, in part because Doug Wead, who as special assistant to the President for public liaison was the Administration's sole link to the evangelical community, wrote to religious leaders on May 14 stating flatly that "the President's staff did not serve him well by inviting some of the groups which attended" the White House ceremony. But the question of good faith flared up again in July after the signing ceremony for the Americans with Disabilities Act. A photograph in the *Washington Blade* showed Peri Jude Radecic of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force and Karen Friedman of the Human Rights Campaign Fund in attendance.

The day prior to the signing, White House spokesman Alixe Glen had said no gay activists would be invited. The day after the ceremony, *NR*'s call to the public-liaison office was answered by an intern who flatly stated that reports that gay activists had been invited were wrong; Mrs. Kilberg's office still sticks to this story. In a letter to Representative William Dannemeyer (R., Calif.), who had written to ask about the discrepancy between White House statements and the photograph in the *Blade*, Mrs. Kilberg stated, "None of those individuals appears on any of our master access lists and none gained entrance to the White House as an authorized guest for this event." How they got in to the signing is a mystery, if this version is to be believed.

What makes it hard to believe is the other events down at the liaison office. A memo from that office shows, for example, that for the first signing a number of gay activists were scratched off the invitation list but "clear[ed] in for appointments with Bobbie Kilberg, 2:30 P.M."—a half-hour before the ceremony. The deduction that Mrs. Kilberg snuck gays into the ceremony by walking them down from her office (which she denies) further enraged already suspicious conservatives. It didn't help that the day before the ADA signing Mrs. Kilberg had allowed *Playboy*'s Christie Hefner to come to a public-liaison briefing. The SBC shot off another letter to Bush. "Does the White House no longer care about our concerns?" it asked. Their own request for a meeting with the President has yet to be granted.

In the midst of the uproar, the White House made matters worse by firing Doug Wead. Wead had clashed with Mrs. Kilberg on a number of issues before. Although Communications Director David Demarest denied that Wead's departure had anything to do with the dispute over the overtures to gay-rights groups, and although even conservatives say there were other grounds to get rid of him, internally the letter Wead wrote apologizing to religious groups for the invitations to the Hate Crimes Statistics Act signing was used against him.

Again the White House damage-control team was sent into action, replacing Wead with Leigh Ann Metzger, a National Republican Congressional Committee staffer who formerly worked for Phyllis Schlafly. To evangelical Christians, however, that's not the point. "We think Leigh Ann's hiring is a good sign," says Jim Smith, director of the Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention. "But this doesn't address our fundamental questions, which have to do with White House policies and not personnel."

—WMcG

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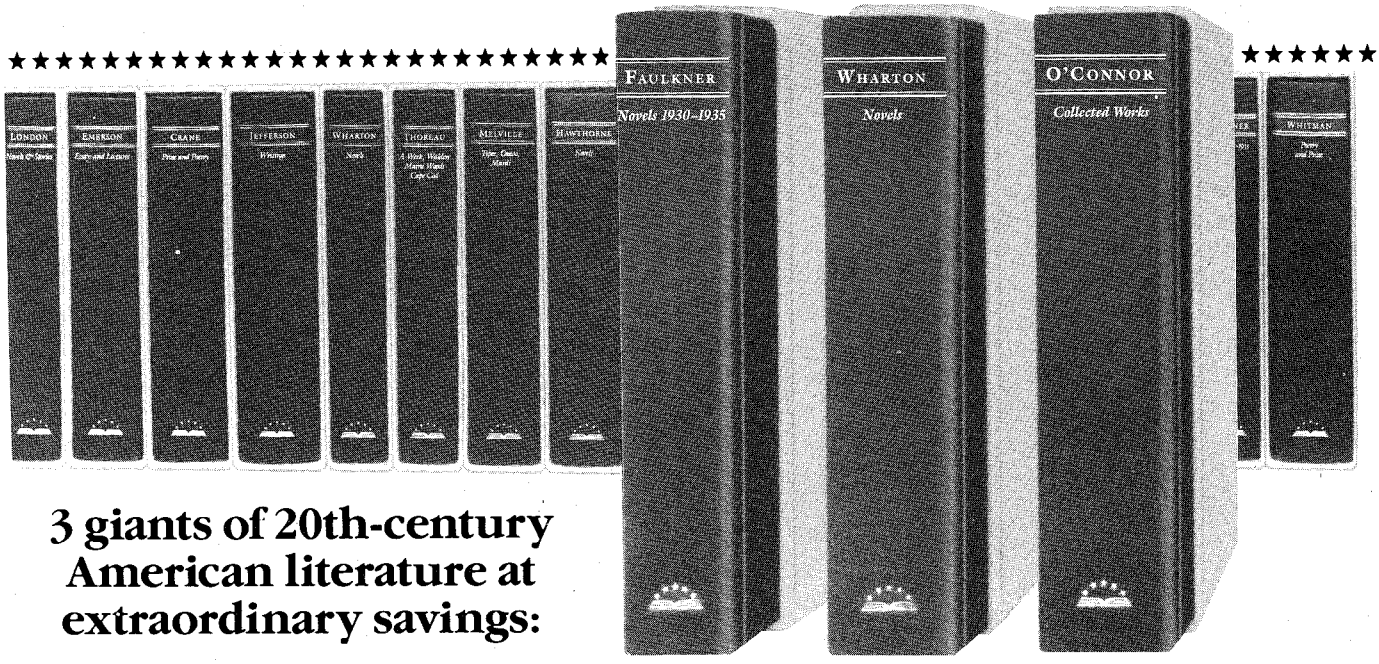

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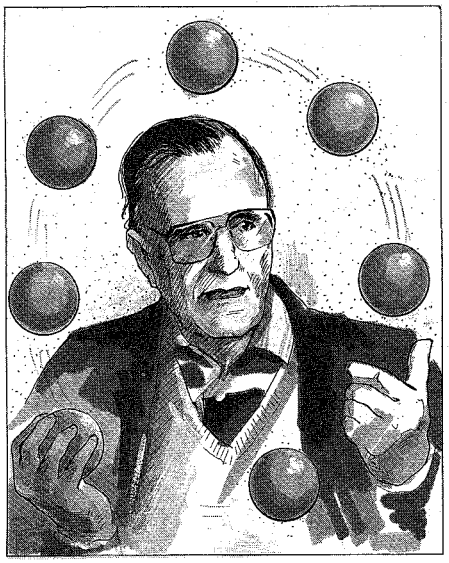
unencumbered by ideology. Consequently, President Bush does not hit the rhetorical high notes that Reagan did (his "Read my lips" speech being the notable exception), which in turn means conservatives are reluctant to give him credit even when he does the right thing.

Not that all the differences between Reagan and Bush are to the Gipper's advantage. With a 70 per cent approval rating and 12 sustained vetoes, Bush enjoys broader support than Reagan ever did, and this extends to communities, such as blacks, where Reagan never could. This difference in approach also means that conservatives and Bushites often argue past each other: while the former see an Administration heading for the rocks



Jennifer Lawson

—at least before Saddam Hussein's Kuwaiti *Anschluss*—the White House can point to record popularity, every veto upheld in Congress, and, now, a superb handling of the gravest foreign-policy challenge Bush has faced. The question is what this approval means, whether it can last, and what Bush will do with it.

"Reagan was successful because he was not a member of the governing establishment when he came into office, and he was not a member when he left office," says Minority Whip Newt Gingrich, whose just-released tax package was designed in part to get the President back on track. "George Bush *is* a member of that governing establishment, and his success will be to change that system. The next sixty days will be crucial in determining whether Bush will govern with the American people and coercing the Left or with the Left coercing the people."

Even conservatives acknowledge that Bush is more alert, more accessible, and more informed than Reagan ever was. Much as they hate the word, they concede too that the Bush Administration technically is more competent. Because this technical efficiency is not tied to any specific goal save that of staying in office, however, Bush has gained himself any number of temporary allies but very few disciples. This in turn means that on issues such as abortion, where he has been much stronger and more principled than Reagan, not only does he get zero credit, he is denounced as an opportunist.

Bipartisan Dangers

HIS COMMITMENT to the Bipartisan Presidency is an even more serious liability. Far from making things easier for him in Congress, Bush's outreach has only made him more subject to its whims. In a *Wall Street Journal* article this summer, Fred Barnes compared Bush's strategy to the Nixon approach of selective endorsement of the opposition's themes, arguing that the price of stealing some of the issues from the Democrats has been "a moderate-to-conservative President, but liberal government."

To be sure, Bush has curbed the Democrats' grosser excesses by using the veto to great effect, certainly to greater effect than Reagan, who huffed and puffed but usually signed in the end. Bush's 12 vetoes have been on issues ranging from visas for Chinese students, to Medicaid funding for abortion, to minimum-wage increases. But while Bush has won the pitched battles, the vetoes are a sign that Congress controls the war. American Conservative Union chairman David Keene says that the most apt comparison is with Gerald Ford, a nice man who ended up forced to resort to the veto a record number of times. "Because [congressional leaders] didn't know where he would draw the line they were constantly probing and prodding until they found they'd crossed it," says Keene.

There are other indications of the degree to which the agenda is set by Congress. In the past 18 months, there have been bills on minimum wage, child care, disabled rights, civil rights, clean air, etc.; capital gains, a Bush priority, is not even on the docket. Further, the White House's courting of Democrats—e.g., John Sununu's direct negotiations with Teddy Kennedy on civil-rights language—rankles with Republican lawmakers on the Hill. It also spurs the Democrats to push for more than they ever would have dared with Reagan. "The Democrats are more militant when they negotiate these days," says one Senate staffer. "They know the President cannot be rigidly principled when he's said his goal is to be kinder and gentler."

Because Reagan never played that game he was without that particular liability, and even when surrendering a lot of ground he never surrendered the argument. In fact, his rhetorical fidelity to his principles gave him more flexibility than Bush, because it allowed him to compromise while holding onto his base. It's hard to imagine, for example, Congress coming out to the right of Reagan on China, if only because he would intuitively have understood the need to have a few Chinese students over to the Rose Garden to show where his sympathies lay. On taxes, too, Reagan probably could have gotten away with Bush's infamous June 26 press release. Beltway wisdom attributes this to Reagan's acting ability, but Reagan was so popular precisely because, unlike virtually every other politician, he *wasn't* acting.

Reagan's willingness to sound the trumpet had its practical benefits within his Administration as well. Because there was clear direction that everyone understood, the kinds of blunders made in the Bush Administration (see "Dangerous Liaisons," p. 32) would have been strangled at birth. "We were able to eliminate a lot of decisions before they got to the President because we all knew what Reagan had come to Washington for," says Reagan's former domestic-policy advisor, Gary Bauer. "The sense I get from the Bush Administration is that nothing is ruled out, that it's just good government. The problem with that is that they don't live in a good-government town."

A closer look at that 70 per cent approval rating reveals some worrying soft spots. For one thing, the latest

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington bureau chief.

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issue of *The American Enterprise* shows that before Iraq the numbers had started to drop sharply. In addition, a staggering 78 per cent of the American public has not much of an idea where Bush plans to lead the nation, suggesting that his approval is high but fuzzy. Another 60 per cent think things have gotten pretty seriously off on the wrong track; although they are inclined to hold Congress more responsible than Bush, the distinction is not as sharp as it once was. At a time when the division in the country between Us out here and Them in Washington is widening, that's a warning signal.

As this article goes to press the President will be addressing the nation before a Joint Session of Congress to discuss the situation in Iraq, the budget summit, and other problems on his mind. To date he has handled the former brilliantly and has somewhat extricated himself from the blunders surrounding the latter, which is why the White House is not worried about alienating his conservative base. But the danger is there, for the smaller Bush's base is the more dependent he becomes on developments outside his control, whether they are in the Mideast, the USSR, or Congress.

"Approval ratings are just that—approval," says Gary Bauer. "They don't measure passion, and there's a big difference. Politicians tend to find that out the hard way." □

GULF CRISIS

HOW WE CAN WIN

BILL TAYLOR

THE U.S. has two vital interests in the present Gulf crisis: regional stability and access to energy resources at a reasonable price. These cannot be achieved without the destruction of a significant part of the offensive capability of Iraqi armed forces. Even if Saddam Hussein ceased to be president of Iraq, a successor in command of Iraq's huge military establishment (arguably the fourth or fifth largest in the world) would have the capability to put the world through repeated Gulf crises, which the industrial democracies simply cannot afford. In brief, Iraq must be defanged by American and allied military attacks and its offensive military capability destroyed.

What military options does the President have to achieve these aims? Six basic options could be executed either alone or in combination.

Option 1—establishing a "tripwire" force in Saudi Arabia to deter Iraqi attack—has already been exercised. When the 82nd Airborne "Ready Brigade" landed, Saddam Hussein knew that an attack south would kill American soldiers and therefore guarantee full U.S. military retaliation. It remains a mystery why Hussein did not continue his initial attack through Kuwait into Saudi Arabia and the Trucial States before U.S. troops arrived. Without Saudi airfields and ports, the U.S. military lodgement now under way would have been exceedingly more complex.

Option 2 is to identify the locations of as many foreign hostages as possible, and to launch a night rescue operation by special-operations forces. The prerequisites for this option are intelligence information both from satellites (the U.S. reportedly now has full coverage), and from aerial reconnaissance and agents on the ground. The U.S. probably does not have adequate special-operations forces to execute a rescue operation alone. But NATO allies such as France and the United Kingdom might provide requisite special forces to permit simultaneous rescues of hostages from different locations. However, policy-makers would have to be aware that some hostages would perish in the attempt, and some would be left in captivity. The possibility also exists that a less than successful rescue attempt could exacerbate the hostage situation both at home and in the Gulf region.

Option 3 is a massive surprise air attack. Its objective would be to destroy Iraqi offensive weapons systems while minimizing Iraqi military and civilian casualties. The aim would be to hurt Saddam Hussein's forces so badly that he would be disgraced as "the caliph" of the Arab world, see his military advantage over hostile neighbors significantly reduced or even eliminated, be forced to recognize that his continuing occupation of Kuwait would therefore be risky as well as futile, and so brought to withdraw his forces.

The first aim would be to gain air superiority, destroying air defenses, surface-to-air missile sites, and as many aircraft as possible on the ground with priority targeting on Soviet-made MiG-29s, -25s, and -23s, TU-27 bombers, French Mirage fighters, and helicopters capable of dispersing chemical weapons. Simultaneous strikes would target Soviet-made SCUD-B missiles and rocket launchers capable of launching chemical attacks, and Iraqi nuclear and chemical production facilities. Following shortly behind these strikes, other ground-attack fighter aircraft and Apache helicopters would launch anti-tank missiles against the most modern Soviet-made tanks in the Iraqi inventory—the T-72s and T-62s. (These constitute only one-quarter of the Iraqi tank force, most of which is vintage 1950s.)

We have the capability for these strikes. There are four U.S. carrier task groups in the Gulf region with F-14, F/A-18, and A-6 fighter aircraft; Saudi-based F-15E, F-16, F-5E, and "stealth" F-117 fighters; F-111D/E bombers operating out of Turkey; B-52 bombers now stationed in Diego Garcia; and B1-B bombers in Guam. These operations would be coordinated by U.S. and Saudi Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) aircraft. Considerable in-flight refueling would be required to hit airfields in northern Iraq, a difficult operation to coordinate, but one practiced routinely by the U.S. Air Force and Navy.

Simultaneous attacks on Iraqi command centers and radar sites would be

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launched using ground-attack aircraft and Tomahawk cruise missiles, which are carried on the U.S. battleship *Wisconsin*, on cruisers, and on submarines operating in the region. Most of these strike sites should already have been identified via satellite reconnaissance, signal-intelligence intercepts, and agents on the ground. The objective here is to break down Iraqi C3 (command, control, and communications) capabilities and to destroy morale in the Iraqi armed forces as the British did so effectively against the Argentine military in the Falklands war.

Out in the Open

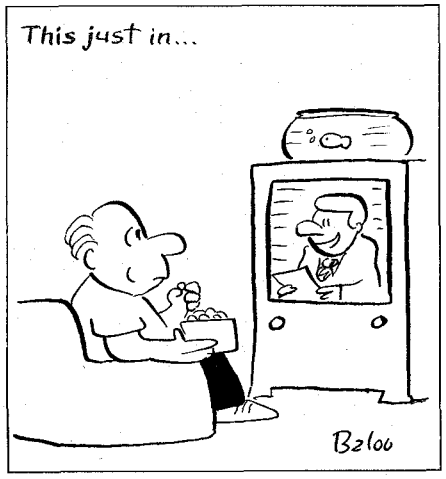
MANY ARGUE that air strikes have never been decisive in combat, citing the experiences of World War II, the Korean War, and Vietnam. However, air strikes in the Gulf would not be attacking targets hidden in European forests or under the triple-canopy jungle typical in Vietnam. Iraqi targets are out in the open, with few places to hide. The technology of modern aircraft and their missiles and bombs is light years beyond anything available in previous wars. And Saddam Hussein simply cannot afford to see his expensive military hardware and strategic capability reduced to rubble while potential enemies in the region stand by and watch. Besides, the issue here is not decisiveness, but effectiveness.

Option 4 would be a PSYOP (psychological operation) aimed at further deterioration of Iraqi military morale and at driving a wedge between the Iraqi military and public. This military PSYOP would be coordinated carefully with the U.S. Information Agency to achieve a further political objective of eroding Arab support for Saddam Hussein by portraying him as a loser in power politics.

Option 5 is of an altogether higher order. It is a coordinated ground/air/sea offensive into Kuwait and Iraq. In addition to Arab and European military contingents moving into Saudi Arabia, the U.S. will soon have in place in the Gulf region the following divisions: 82nd Airborne, 24th Mechanized Infantry, 101st Air Assault, 1st Cavalry, and 1st Marine; the 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment; the 7th Marine Expeditionary Brigade; and (potentially) two more infantry divisions which may be on alert status.

This is a formidable and versatile fighting force which will enable the President to choose among different military strategies. Let us examine the first version of Option 5. In view of the fact that the Iraqis have dug into prepared positions, permitting them to take a heavy toll on troops launching frontal attacks, the allied forces could initiate a "holding attack" by fire along the Iraqi front in southern Kuwait while turning the Iraqi flank in a combined amphibious and airmobile assault north of Kuwait City. Iraqi forces in Kuwait would thus be cut off from the main body of Iraqi forces. Allied special forces working with Kuwaiti resistance forces might then be used to secure Kuwait City, eliminating the need for extensive city fighting, which would result in high civilian casualties. Or, in conjunction with a PSYOP campaign similar to that outlined in Option 4, Iraq's occupying forces could be reduced by a combination of blockade and air strikes.

Under this option, it would be important to ensure that Iran and Syria remain neutral. (At the moment, Iran is neutral, and Syria is part of the anti-Saddam alliance, but neither condition is necessarily permanent.) And Turkey should be persuaded to undertake mobilization exercises along its border with Iraq, preferably in conjunction with U.S. and other NATO military contingents. If solid contacts with the Kurds in northern Iraq could be made, special forces might support their attacks against selected Iraqi military installations. These military and diplomatic maneuvers would force the Iraqis to divert military units to protect their northern flank. Iraqi forces could only break out of this stranglehold by launching an offensive against allied forces in which the defense would have an overwhelming advantage.



"In a 5 to 4 decision today, the Supreme Court ruled the Constitution itself unconstitutional."

A larger-scale version of Option 5 would be a main attack out of Saudi Arabia directly into southern Kuwait to drive out Iraqi forces. This would be equivalent to fighting the kind of war of attrition Iraq fought against Iran, and it is the kind of war for which Saddam Hussein's forces are best prepared. This option would presumably involve a ground attack by two allied corps beginning in the relative cool of the night, and with U.S. night-vision technology providing a war-fighting edge. Upwards of one thousand American M-1 tanks would be available, backed up by 160 M60-A3 tanks of the 1st Marine Division and six hundred Saudi tanks. Bomber and ground-attack strikes supported by artillery and multiple rocket launchers would also be available. Mechanized infantry would follow the tank advance, with the men dismounting for final assaults and the dirty job of digging Iraqi infantry out of foxholes and gun emplacements. Such an offensive would probably require about five days and leave approximately eight thousand casualties.

A still more ambitious version of Option 5 would be an allied attack through southern Kuwait to northern Iraq and Baghdad. Based upon technical analyses of the Israeli experience in the 1973 Sinai campaign, allied forces attacking through Kuwait into northern Iraq would have an advance rate of approximately twenty miles per day. What would be the likely casualties of such an operation?

A key factor here is the number of Iraqi forces considered to be "front line" and battle tested (in the war with Iran). Iraqi military cohesion will also be important, along with the effectiveness of allied attacks against Iraqi C3 centers. In the best case, the morale of the Iraqi military would be broken in the first few days, resulting in mass surrenders such as those of the Argentine military in the Falklands war and of the Arab armies in the Six-Day War. This scenario is plausible even though the military establishments of Iraq, Argentina, and Nasser's Egypt are quite different from each other. Allied casualties, on this estimate, would be fairly low.

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Let us now examine the worst-case scenario. Say the advance into northern Iraq meets stiff resistance and lasts about 25 days. Allied forces would in all likelihood sustain high casualties from Iraqi artillery and mines and from tank and infantry weapons. The casualties (killed and wounded) could be as high as 2,300 on the first day and 1,400 for each additional day of combat. A 25-day attack into northern Iraq could thus result in more than thirty thousand allied casualties. Worst-case casualties of this order would probably ensure that an advance to Baghdad would be recommended by U.S. military planners only as a last resort.

But in the event that Baghdad and other major objectives on the ground were taken and consolidated, plans for withdrawing U.S. units would be put into early effect. The objective is to destroy Iraq's offensive forces, not to occupy territory. An all-Arab or UN force would pass through U.S. lines and replace U.S. and other non-Arab units in place. Stabilization of the situation in Iraq would be an undertaking for them.

What of the long term? Here Option 6 might be to sustain U.S. forward-deployed forces at bases in the Persian Gulf region, perhaps on the territory of one or more of the Gulf Cooperation Council states. This would be in the context of a new Gulf security arrangement designed to deter future military aggression—a major new political undertaking. Since the Carter doctrine of January 1980, America and its allies have not had in place the military capabilities to prevent a single power from seizing control of Gulf energy resources. Option 6 must address this problem. A long-term alliance presence is an option for which the U.S. military could easily prepare, and one which would make the U.S. Central Command mission a great deal easier to achieve in future Gulf military scenarios. But this is essentially a political, not a military, issue.

Selection of any of the military options alone or in conjunction with other military and political options should be based in the context of a U.S. grand strategy. Such a strategy has yet to be articulated by the Bush Administration. In the absence of strategy, it is easy for decision-makers to go marching off rapidly in unknown directions, never doubting their ability to get there. □

THE HITLER HEARINGS

THE LITMUS TEST

JOHN LOFTON

"The notion of an ideological litmus test is repugnant."—Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. (D., Del.), in response to a query from three conservative senators, April 1985

BIDEN: Are you the same Adolf Hitler who led the Nazis in World War II, invaded Poland, bombed Britain, caused the genocidal Holocaust which murdered six million Jews, etc.?

HITLER: Yes, I am, sir.

BIDEN: Well, I'm going to up-front with you. I thought you were that same Adolf Hitler. My staff, prior to this hearing, had so informed me. And I'm leaning strongly against your nomination, sir. As a civil libertarian, I am deeply concerned about these activities you've engaged in. Truly, they bother me. I would be dishonest if I said they didn't. Some of my best friends died in World War II.

But, I want to make it clear that while I abhor each and every atrocity, I shall *not* judge you solely on the basis of these atrocities.

HITLER: Thank you, senator. I appreciate that.

BIDEN: I have no litmus test—no single litmus test. And I have no multiple litmus tests either. In fact, I hate litmus tests so much that when I took chemistry in high school and college, I refused to conduct litmus tests, even though—broadly and generally speaking—I thought then, and continue to think now, that, in the chemical context, it is useful, on occasion, to be able to distinguish between what is acid and what is alkaline.

HITLER: Yes, sir.

BIDEN: Now, as I understand it, your record, when looked at in its totality, in a non-litmus-test manner, also contains some good things, does it not?

HITLER: I would like to think so, sir.

BIDEN: For example, I have read that you have a keen intellect and a wealth of experience.

HITLER: Well, sir, I have read a lot of books and studied hard. I even wrote a book about my struggle. But I guess the question of how smart I am is something best left for others to judge.

BIDEN: Well, Mr. Hitler, as I've said, I'm really not interested in judging you. But I don't want to be misunderstood. I think what you did in World War II was *bad*. The Poles did not deserve to be invaded. The British did not deserve to be bombed. And in no way can I condone genocide against *anybody*. I want to make this clear.

HITLER: I respect your right to disagree, senator.

BIDEN: But I believe that you, like all the judicial nominees who come before this committee, should be judged broadly and generally on your overall record, philosophy, and personal characteristics. So, let us proceed.

HITLER: Yes, sir.

BIDEN: I read in John Toland's biography of you that you are strongly anti-smoking and in fact gave gold watches to your generals who stopped smoking. Is this true?

HITLER: Yes, it is, senator.

BIDEN: Well, that's wonderful. Smoking, like invading Poland, bombing Britain, and committing genocide, is a terrible thing. Millions of our people die every year because they smoke. Did you know this?

HITLER: Yes, sir.

BIDEN: Well, it's true. But, even though I, like you, am strongly anti-smoking, I wouldn't want this to be a litmus test either. This issue is important. But it isn't the only issue.

HITLER: I agree, sir.

BIDEN: Mr. Toland also says you were one of the first environmentalists to lead a nation. He says that in some German cities you blocked off the inner city to automobile traffic so peo-

Mr. Lofton is a notorious conservative columnist.

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ple could walk around and breathe clean air. Is this true?

HITLER: Yes, it is, senator.

BIDEN: Well, again, this is wonderful. I like clean air. But I want to reiterate, no one thing should be singled out to judge you on. Your whole record must be put on the scale and weighed. Litmus tests are *not* the American way. Did I say I was against litmus tests?

HITLER: Yes, sir, you did.

BIDEN: Well, thank you.

HITLER: Thank you, senator. □

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO DAVID LYNCH

WEIRD AMERICA

JOSEPH SOBRAN

WILD AT HEART, David Lynch recently conceded, is "not a film for everyone." Maybe he's right. It begins with the hero bashing open the skull of a black who pulls a knife on him. After a brief prison term, he elopes cross-country with the girl he was fighting over; they have frequent and fairly explicit sex along the way. Her mother, who it transpires has tried to seduce him in a public toilet, sends several men to murder him. On the road, the lovers come across a bloody traffic accident. Meanwhile, a rich mobster sits on a toilet talking into his telephone as naked women attend him. During an armed robbery, one man is vividly decapitated; another has a hand shot off, and as he crawls around in his own blood trying to find it a dog trots out the back door holding it in his teeth. At different points in the film, both mother and daughter vomit, and a man is murdered in a sort of voodoo rite. Oh, and the hero gets his nose swollen in a fistfight.

I hope I haven't given the wrong impression: *Wild at Heart* is a comedy.

And believe it or not, it *is* pretty funny. The two lovers, Sailor (Nicholas Cage) and Lula (Laura Dern), are a pair of losers who are in over their heads. They stick together in dopey devotion as gory misadventures befall them. "This whole world is wild at heart and weird on top," Lula wails. Sailor faces everything with the polite, stoical stupidity of an Elvis Presley, whom he explicitly resembles; in one wonderfully sweet and funny scene, a hard-rock band turns into a backup group for Cage's dead-on Elvis imitation as girls scream and swoon. He proudly wears an outlandish snakeskin jacket, which he says "represents my individuality and my belief in personal freedom," a slightly cracked credo that gets more endearing every time he repeats it. Other eccentric characters keep roaming in and out, most of whom have nothing to do with the plot. Then again Sailor and Lula don't have much to do with the plot either. They more or less outrun it.

David Lynch's Eraserhead

But even the jokes have an eerie edge. *Wild at Heart* has Lynch's trademark themes: death, violence, mutilation, deformity, sex, kinkiness, secret traumas—but at the heart of it all, an innocence that escapes being overwhelmed by the monstrosities around it. The innocence is what makes the rest so scary. You never know *what* will happen next in a Lynch film; you feel trapped and fascinated, as in a dream. "Dreamlike" is the word most often used to describe his films. Dreams, disturbing flashbacks, and strange images are his stock in trade.

Lynch is all the rage right now, thanks to his explosive hit *Blue Velvet* (1986) and his TV series *Twin Peaks*. Both are formulaically said to reveal "the dark underside of Middle America," which makes them sound like exposés, as if Lynch were your basic left-wing avant-garde muckraker of the national soul. Perish the thought. He's a 44-year-old former Eagle Scout who is said to adore Ronald Reagan (probably an unrequited passion) and whose only known addiction, now conquered, is milkshakes. Interviews show him to be something of an eccentric himself, given to ancient boyish locutions like "golly" and "neat." He talks more like a worried schoolboy—a hick Holden Caulfield—than a theorist of the cinema, let alone an avatar of Freedom of Expression.

If there's any sort of philosophy behind his work, it's probably something like what he recently told *Rolling Stone*: "There are too many possibilities for something to go wrong—so you could always worry about that. And there's many things that are hidden and seeming like many, many secrets; and you don't know for sure whether you are being just paranoid or if there really are some secrets. You know little by little, just by studying science, that certain things are hidden—there are things you can't see. And your mind can begin to create many things to worry about. And then once you're exposed to fearful things, and you see that really and truly many, many, many things are wrong—and so many people are participating in strange and horrible things—you begin to worry that the peaceful, happy life could vanish or be threatened."

He's said to have scolded a woman on the set for swearing too much.

A Strange World

"IT'S a strange world, isn't it?" says the heroine of *Blue Velvet*. On Lynch's showing, it certainly is. His first movie, *Eraserhead*,

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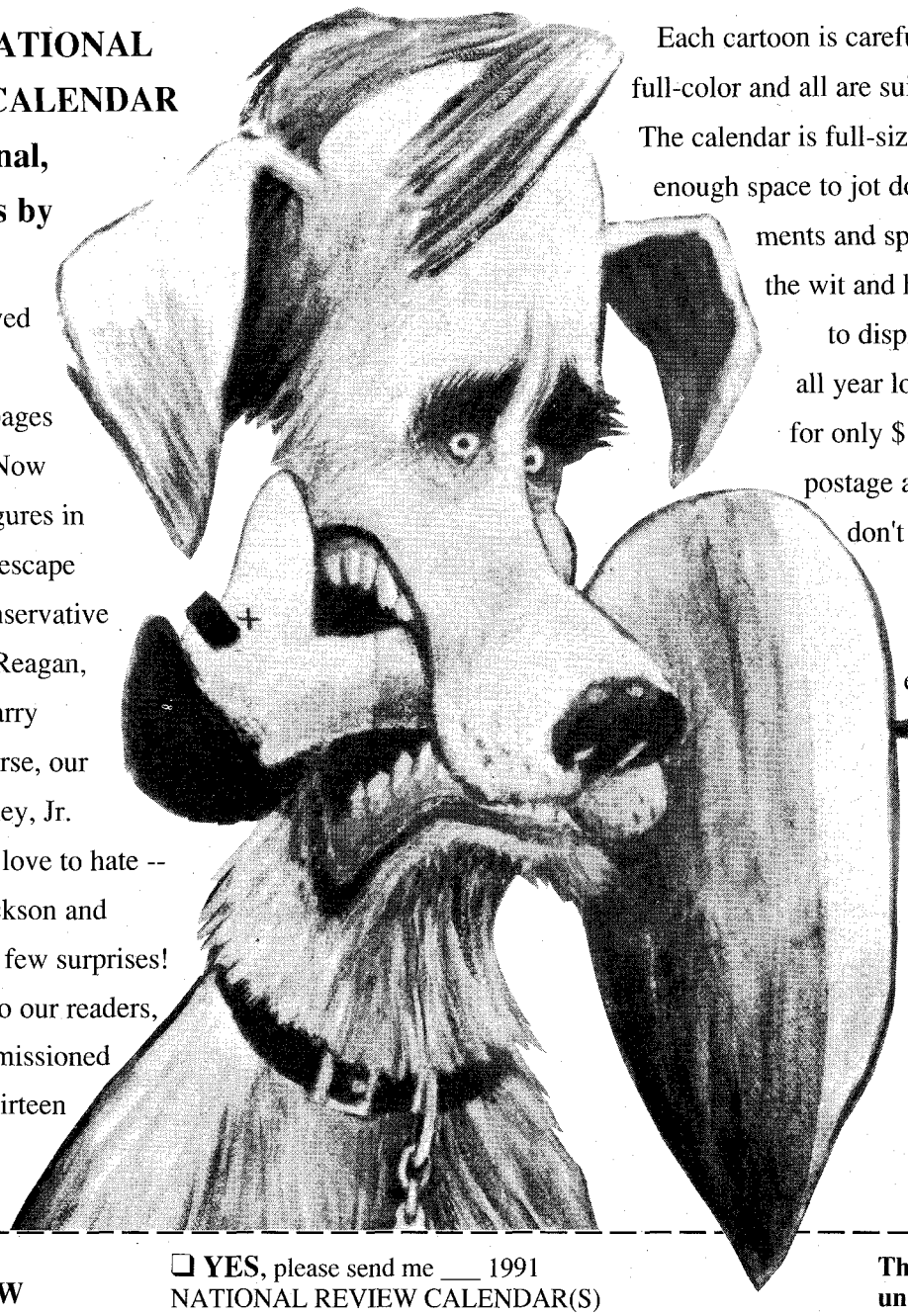

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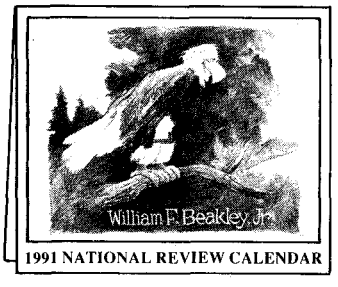

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is about a young couple with a horribly malformed child. It's sometimes billed as a horror film, though again, the label doesn't quite fit. Lynch made it when he was depressed about his first marriage, which produced a daughter born with clubfeet. His first real success came in 1980: *The Elephant Man*, a film of dark tenderness, with a moving performance by John Hurt under a ton of hideous latex. Lynch showed that he could play on heartstrings as well as nerves.

He bombed his next time out, in 1984, with *Dune*, a clumsy version of Frank Herbert's science-fiction classic. Lynch blames the studio for hacking his work down to two hours, but it's hard to see how longer could have been better: the story is tediously "futuristic," full of big battle scenes where confused hordes zap each other with ray guns and things. That sort of "future"—10,000 A.D. or so—is too abstract to have the quirky emotional resonance Lynch excels in.

Blue Velvet was Lynch's own idea. By general consent (John Simon demurring: "mindless junk") it was one of the most powerful films of the Eighties. Set in "Lumberton," a wholesome-looking Everytown, it's another label-strainer: a mystery, a "black comedy," a tale of perversion and guilt, what you will. Jeffrey Beaumont (Kyle MacLachlan) comes home to Lumberton to visit his sick father. Walking through a field, he happens on a severed human ear. With the help of a local detective's wholesome daughter (Laura Dern), he learns that the police suspect a crime somehow connected with a nightclub singer (Isabella Rossellini), whom it would be stretching a point to call wholesome. He sneaks into her apartment one night and, in a bizarre and terrifying scene, watches helplessly from her closet as she is abused and raped by a sociopath (for want of a stronger word) who is holding her husband and child hostages. Jeffrey becomes strangely implicated with the singer and her tormentor, Frank Booth, played with maniacal force by Dennis Hopper.

The plot, as Simon complained, is incoherent. But so is any nightmare. You don't think of that while you're experiencing it. *Blue Velvet* is one of the most frightening sequences of images ever thrown onto a screen. Hopper and his cohorts appear in only three sequences, but they are enough to leave you drenched with fear. Even the innocuous title song becomes a little chilling to listen to. In Lynch's world, innocence is at bay. Innocence is real, but it's never quite . . . innocent. At least it's not beyond the possibility of corruption. Jeffrey feels the tug of evil through his attachment to the singer, who has succumbed to it.

Mr. Sobran, an NR *senior editor, is a syndicated columnist.*

Not Quite Agatha Christie

TWIN PEAKS, subject to TV's constraints of decency and decorum, shows that Lynch can give his intuition subtler expression when he doesn't make use of shocking extremes. A girl's body washes up on shore. The town is stunned. Everyone knew her. She turns out to have led a double life. So does everyone else in town.

"Who killed Laura Palmer?" has become a sort of marketing slogan for *Twin Peaks*, but it's hard to imagine a solution. Lynch is about as far from Agatha Christie as you can get. Not only is the tightly woven plot alien to his style; it's not even clear what the ground rules (if any) are in his world.

The real interest of the series lies in the delineation of the populace of Twin Peaks itself. Everyone turns out to have idiosyncrasies. The FBI man who is sent to investigate Laura's death is a little pixilated too; he dictates endlessly into his pocket tape recorder, not omitting such details as what he's snacking on at the moment, and he announces that he plans to crack the case with the use of a Tibetan mystical technique he has learned of. In one sequence he dreams he is several years older, sitting in a red-curtained room with a dwarf and a dead ringer for Laura, both of whom utter nonsequiturs in accents so strange as to require subtitles. Then he bolts up in bed, calls the sheriff, and says he knows who killed Laura—but, having awakened the sheriff in the dead of night, says he won't tell who until they meet in the morning.

It's funny, but in a funny way. There are no mandatory laughs in Lynch's work; even the broadest jokes seem to be private. Good and evil are clearly—even violently—distinguished, but, otherwise, the normal and the abnormal keep close company, even within a single character. Lynch is so interested in loose ends for their own sake that it's almost impossible to conceive of a satisfying resolution for *Twin Peaks*. In the same way, *Blue Velvet*'s happy ending, an Ozzie-and-Harriet return to suburban bliss, seemed forced.

Despite what sounds like a highly normal boyhood, Lynch hardly seems to know what normality is. He admits as much. Asked how many cards are in his deck, he replied, "I don't have any idea, but it's not 52." He may have dealt a few away in early adulthood. After growing up in *Twin Peaks* territory (he was born in Montana) and Alexandria, Virginia, he lived for several harrowing years in a bad part of Philadelphia, where he once witnessed a murder and became a regular visitor at a local morgue. That may account for his preoccupation with dissolution and how human beings get from here to there. Not that he's analytical about such things. In fact, he has a naïve fascination with surface phenomena, and he just puts them up there on the screen, exaggerated, uninterpreted, for their own sake.

He really pushes it in *Wild at Heart*. The violence is just too much for most people, even though Lynch edited out a few bits that were grossing out preview audiences. And the film is held together, if you can call it that, by a badly overworked *Wizard of Oz* conceit: Lula's mother appears as a hysterical witch, sometimes riding (in Lula's hallucinations) on a broomstick over the highway; and at the end, Sailor has a brief dream in which a Good Witch, in a pink ruffled gown, floats down from the sky in a bubble. A private joke is one thing; this is more like a private thigh-slapper.

New under the Sun

NEARLY everything that has been said against *Wild at Heart*, and against Lynch generally, strikes me as true enough. There are obvious risks in an eccentric making films about eccentrics. All I can say is that Lynch is something new under the sun. If you can bear to watch him, you can't bear *not* to watch him. For all their violence, his films aren't cruel to the viewer in the manner of *Total Recall* and a hundred

(Continues on page 52)

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The Road to Cemetery Ridge

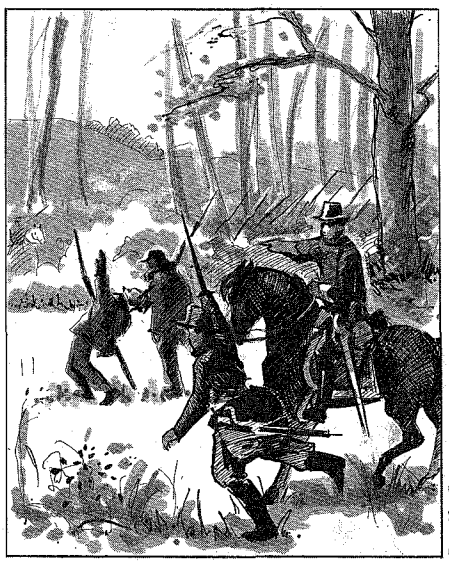
M. E. BRADFORD

IN THE ideologically relentless atmosphere of our time, the writing of history too often degenerates into little more than a complaint against the past. Being so certain of what it now believes, this generation has no patience with others who in different eras thought something else; has no curiosity about the source or logic of past opinions. The new narrative which successfully flies in the face of these forensic circumstances is therefore doubly valuable, both in its own right, and as a corrective to the now fashionable version of what Allen Tate called "provincialism in time." And particularly if it is a contribution to the history of the American South. Clyde N. Wilson's new book is such an exception, written against the current of recent Southern scholarship. Its subject is a representative man of his time and place, not some marginal figure who vaguely foreshadows subsequent "reforms" of the kind now preferred; he was a leader and a great gentleman of the sort neglected by the new "social historians." The book is an exceptional achievement—forceful, dramatic, balanced, and persuasive. For it not only recovers to our attention one of the Confederate paladins, but also reflects on the meaning of their lives, and the normative questions called up by the disinterested purity of their conduct.

Carolina Cavalier: The Life and Times of James Johnston Pettigrew, by Clyde N. Wilson (University of Georgia, 303 pp., $35)

James Johnston Pettigrew was of course most memorably a part of American and Southern history when, on July 3, 1863, he commanded Heth's division on Pickett's left during the great charge up Cemetery Ridge—still the central moment, the dramatic core, of our collective experience as a people. Pettigrew's entire life was a preparation for this testing, the three days at Gettysburg the summation of his carefully cultivated rectitude, and his 35 years a prologue to the order which, when Lee's guns were finished and the battle flags unfurled, he gave to the commander of his former brigade: "Now, colonel, for the honor of the Good Old North State, forward." For the sake of heroic symmetry, it was then necessary that Pettigrew fall, either in this charge or (as was the case) a short time thereafter.

Wounded in a skirmish during the Confederate retreat through Maryland, he died on July 17, after ten days of patient and graceful suffering. His final performance recalls his conduct at Seven Pines when, shot through an artery in the neck, he ordered men assigned to help him to leave his body unattended, lest they throw away their own lives on a dying man. In this self-effacing courtesy, deferring to the needs of others even at the grave's edge, he recalls that great gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, the soldier/poet/statesman who at Zutphen in 1586 insisted while dying that ordinary soldiers also wounded be given drink before he took the cup. Of Pettigrew it may be concluded, as C. S. Lewis observed of the remarkable Elizabethan chevalier, that for us he is "even at a distance . . . dazzling."



Jennifer Lawson

Professor Wilson begins his narrative with Pettigrew's ancestry. He provides a description of the civilized Federalist/Whig world of Albemarle Sound, where his hero had both place and station. Pettigrew's paternal grandfather was the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Carolina. His stern and demanding father, Ebineezer, was the most successful planter in the region, established at Bonarva, where the career of General Pettigrew began, and where his journey ended.

Young Pettigrew, however, was no planter. At Bingham's Academy and at the University of North Carolina he was a brilliant student; all his life he was a serious linguist and mathematician. For a time he served as an astronomer at the National Observatory. He read law in Baltimore and Charleston and in 1849 entered the South Carolina bar. Then he continued his education with study in Berlin and travel throughout the Continent. There he learned his political lessons—what it meant to be an American and a Southerner—as well as many conventional subjects: French, German, Spanish, Italian, civil law, music theory, and military science. He undertook this regimen to prepare himself, as Wilson observes, not for a profession but for life.

Throughout his career Pettigrew was a disciplined scholar and orderly political thinker with a gift for writing; and the range of his inquiries touched most of the culture of the West. This biography establishes the level of his preparation to be a leader of his people, not only in the variety of his learning but also in personal charm and social skills. Everyone who knew Pettigrew expected exceptional things of him; he did not disappoint.

Upon returning to the United States, Pettigrew practiced law with his extraordinary cousin, James L. Petigru. He was elected to the legislature, served as military aide to Governor Allston, and wrote a splendid

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essay against resuming the slave trade. He briefly went back to Europe to continue his affair of the heart with Spain, and to offer his sword to the Sardinians in their revolution against Austria. He began a reflective book on Spanish culture, a work published just as the American war began. But from 1850 onward he had assumed that a war between the states was inevitable. Now the distant rumble of American politics drew him homeward to prepare his city and state for a war they would not avoid—a task he could embrace without reservation.

On General Pettigrew at war Wilson is most impressive. But the special excellence of this biography is in its final chapter, "The Mind and Heart of a Carolinian." Here we find magisterial intellectual history. Pettigrew had thought through the events in which he played so large a role. "Mankind," he maintained, "are not made for government," but "government made for mankind." Slavery, he was convinced, could not be coercively abstracted from the American body politic and our form of government survive. Moreover, no one had articulated a clear idea of what would come next once slavery was no more.

At any rate, Pettigrew, thoroughly the aristocratic republican, was also a thoroughly American one who believed that, in the Roman sense, the genuine lover of liberty was likely to be the most dependable public man. But though a passionate republican and harsh judge of aristocracies not justified by merit, he was not confused by envy disguised as benevolence, which he saw as characteristic of European socialism. What he had admired in Spain made him even more of a localist, and suspicious of the "self-righteous moralism of New England . . . hiding [in its enthusiasm for causes] self-interested aggression." For Pettigrew, the great principle of the Declaration was corporate liberty, "that every *people* has an inalienable right of self-government." Read the other way, it was not a charter of liberty but an excuse for "well-meaning" despotism of various kinds.

Wilson, who is clearly one of the best of his generation of Southern historians, instructs us about North and South Carolina as a "matched set," having been born and educated in one of these sister commonwealths and having practiced his profession in the other. A North Carolinian, he is a member of the history department at the University of South Carolina and editor of the papers of John C. Calhoun. Thanks to him we now have a clearer image of what the Southern cavalier was like, and of the role he played in "the most extensive sacrifice and heroic effort that any group of Americans [has] ever been called upon to make."

Whether Pettigrew is now more of an indictment of our world than a model for responsible conduct is yet to be determined. But his biographer requires us to accept the question as a serious one, deserving a direct and honest answer. □

The Uncrowned Prince

H. W. CROCKER III

Lawrence of Arabia: The Authorized Biography of T. E. Lawrence, by Jeremy Wilson (Atheneum, 1,188 pp., $35)

WHEN Thomas Edward Lawrence went to Arabia, he was an Englishman of evangelical convictions, an Oxonian scholar who had written a thesis on Crusader castles. In many ways he was a child of his times, whose character was to have been formed in accordance with the tradition of Englishmen who, in Kathryn Tidrick's phrase, "for a hundred years had quelled natives with a word."

These young men were taught, as Jeremy Wilson notes, "that women were a fit subject for romantic admiration, but that a desire for sexual gratification was sinful. . . . Young men of the ruling classes were taught that abstinence in general would prepare them for their duties; moral leadership would fall to those who could resist temptations to which others succumbed."

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Lawrence took the ideal of self-denial further than most:

> He tried staying awake for long periods and, in addition to vegetarianism, experimented with fasting. While he took no part in formal sport, he built up his strength and stamina by arduous cycling over long distances. He made no secret of his desire to subjugate his body to his will. E. F. Hall, whose rooms at Jesus Lawrence often used, recalled that: "He came one evening into my rooms . . . and began to fire a revolver, blank cartridges fortunately, out of the windows . . . one glance at his eyes left no doubt at all that he told the truth when he said that he had been working for 45 hours at a stretch without food, to test his powers of endurance."

By the time he was 33 Lawrence had changed the course of history. He had led the Arabs in a successful revolt against the Turks—a revolt which left him many times wounded, once tortured, and once raped—and he had served as an advisor to Winston Churchill, in whose service he helped redraw the map of the Middle East.

Richard Ware

Then came the break. He sought to escape his fame by serving in the ranks of the RAF under assumed names. He ordered ritual beatings for

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himself. And his mind teetered on the brink of nihilism. The homosexual rape he had suffered during the war, the discovery that he was illegitimate, the physical and mental stresses of the war, and the strains upon his sense of honor required in the negotiations for peace weighed upon him.

> The romantic Victorian concepts that he had so willingly adopted in his youth were one by one falling away. His evangelical Christianity had faded before the war. . . . The vision of the "noble savage" . . . had crumbled during the Arab revolt: "I was tired to death of these Arabs; petty incarnate Semites who attained heights and depths beyond our reach, though not beyond our sight." He had abandoned one of the fundamental tenets of his Victorian upbringing: belief in the progress of mankind, and now he had concluded that romantic love, a concept he had been brought up to revere, was nothing more than animal lust.

Jeremy Wilson's authorized biography of Lawrence (authorized by his subject's brother, A. W. Lawrence) is a comprehensive view of the life of the "uncrowned prince of Arabia." Wilson's scholarship is unquestionably sound, and his graceful reticence in dealing with Lawrence's detractors and his private torments is admirable.

If Wilson can be faulted, it is only for downplaying the drama in the life of this wonderfully dramatic figure. Although his description of the war is extensive, it too often consists of one diplomatic cable following another, instead of vivid portrayals of Lawrence on a camel, leading the Arab armies into battle.

After all, it should not take much imagination to bring these dramas to life. To unite the various Arab factions against the Turks, Lawrence himself had to become an actor—but one who had to pull off his performance in the real world, where lives were at stake, where indeed the entire Middle Eastern theater was in danger of being lost to the Turks, and where all hinged on Lawrence's ability to negotiate with sherifs, fight on camels and in armored cars, and launch guerrilla campaigns.

But Lawrence never did go "native," despite adopting Arab dress, and despite the sympathy he developed for Arab ways. Nor did he ever *quite* abandon his Victorian ideals; they only became distorted through bitter experience. He remained an English patriot who loved the music of Edward Elgar, and who confessed to Robert Graves: "there's a streak of vulgarity in me which passionately enjoys English gutters and mud and wet winds and firesides. Pure Dickens, all of that, yet it makes me want to live in England forever." And if he had dropped his illusions about romantic love, this did not lead him into debauchery but into a hatred of carnality and a longing for unselfish friendship.

Even in his "abnormalities," Lawrence exhibited his loyalty to the old Victorian order. He was—like a good public-school lad—highly literate and literary, and concomitantly childish about money. He was masochistic, but that seems to be the result of having failed to meet his own unforgiving standards. Having endured extreme degradation, Lawrence believed he had lost his "integrity," and this led him into behavior his friends found hard to understand—at the very time he had the whole world at his feet.

He might have been, as Aram Bakshian suggests, "Garbo of Arabia." But however inexplicable his conduct may seem, we ought to keep in mind the words of John Buchan: "I am not a very tractable person or much of a hero-worshipper, but I would have followed Lawrence over the edge of the world. . . . If genius be, in Emerson's phrase, a 'stellar and undiminishable something,' whose origin is a mystery and whose essence cannot be defined, then he was the only man of genius I have ever known."

May his soul rest in peace. □

Tropical Tragedy

JOHN A. BADEN

THE WORLD Is Burning demonstrates why so many conservatives, classical liberals, and libertarians still treat environmentalism with skepticism. Quite simply, Alex Shoumatoff's book displays either ignorance or gross irresponsibility. You'd think a staff writer for *The New Yorker* who has produced eight books, three on Brazil, would know better, but he seems perfectly innocent of the logic of political economy. Still,

The World Is Burning, by Alex Shoumatoff (Little Brown, 320 pp., $18.95)

his book is valuable for demonstrating the poverty of an environmental analysis that neglects the power of this analytical leverage.

The stakes at issue, the deforestation of the Amazon, are too high for us to ignore Mr. Shoumatoff's failure. The story he tells is of Chico Mendes's efforts to organize the rubber tappers to protect the complex ecosystem, upon which they depend, from the ranchers who wanted to burn the forest and raise cattle on the land thus cleared. Mendes was murdered for his efforts. Let me explain why the forests of the Amazon are so important to long-run human well-being, and, hence, why the Mendes story merits our attention.

Species become extinct with predictable regularity, lasting on average some one to ten million years. However, the rate of extinction has recently increased by several orders of magnitude. This book tells us how we're changing the Amazon environment far too rapidly for species to adapt. Today, as Edward O. Wilson wrote in *Chronicles*, "Evolutionary biologists are like curators watching the Louvre burn down." It's actually far worse than that; we know the composition of the Louvre but are just beginning to inventory, let alone understand, the Amazon's rain forest.

Tropical forests capture carbon dioxide and moderate the climate. They also offer a genetic storehouse. They hold several million unknown wild strains of plants and animals, many of which are likely to be of great value. Each species carries genetic information collected through innumerable mutations that have passed through millions of filters of natural selection. Each is adapted to a specific environment, with the adaptation defined by its genetic code.

Mr. Shoumatoff helps us understand

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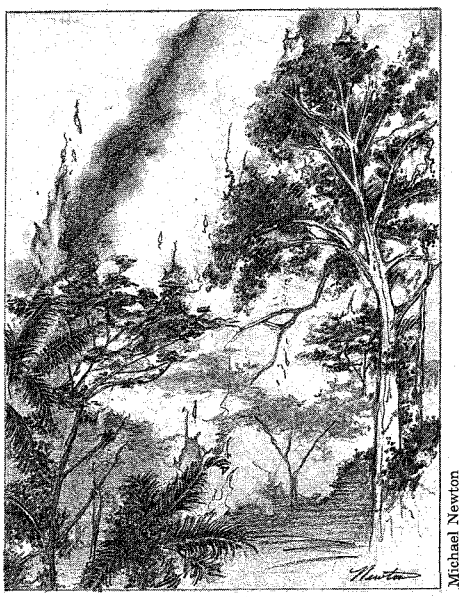
that the Amazon basin contains the richest species variety on earth. It is this environment that is being destroyed for a few years' grazing, after which, Shoumatoff tells us, the land becomes a barren swamp. The opportunity cost of these losses may be huge. For example, there are thousands of edible plants in the Amazon, some of which may well be more beneficial than the approximately twenty



Michael Newton

we have domesticated and used heavily since Neolithic times. Further, the giant river turtle of the Amazon is an effective converter of vegetable matter into meat, approximately four hundred times as productive as cattle in that area. The potential for pharmaceuticals, oils, and fiber is similar. These are the losses against which Mr. Shoumatoff warns us.

The warning would have far greater value if supported by data and analysis rather than rumor and references to popular culture. But Mr. Shoumatoff has no interest in empirical analysis. He tells us that "numbers are a temperate-zone precision trip. . . . In the tropics . . . the figures are figurative," the "idlest of superstition."

Facts are a necessary but insufficient condition for analysis. What is critical is a coherent, logically connected model of the way the world works. What we're given here is gossip. While Mr. Shoumatoff has numerous fascinating observations, introducing him to public-choice theory, or law and economics, would do wonders for his understanding.

He shouldn't be surprised that governments are used as engines of plunder. That is the predictable consequence of bureaucrats having wide discretion to employ the coercive apparatus of government to reallocate valuable resources. Our Founding Fathers paid a great deal of attention to designing institutions that would encourage people to conserve resources and move them to more highly valued uses. This was in sharp contrast to the historical pattern which, as Mr. Shoumatoff portrays it, is once again being played out in Brazil.

He doesn't understand that a system of secure property rights to land and associated resources is required for the conservation whose absence he so soundly and rightly condemns. Government projects in the Amazon forests, mainly roads and dams, are mechanisms for private gain at public and ecological expense.

The author considers his work an "athletic feat." The "vomit draft" (his term) was written on 714 sheets of legal notepaper in three and a half months. The story he tells is slated to become a motion picture produced by Robert Redford, who will also play an evil capitalist—a redundant term in this book. Steven Spielberg may direct the film. No doubt a condign fate for Mendes, a member of the Albanian faction of the Brazilian Communist Party. Could a Communist ask for better martyrdom?

The pity is that a book this superficial, one with no intellectual ballast or analysis, is likely to monopolize popular attention. An opportunity to learn some extraordinarily important lessons about the conservation of scarce resources has been squandered. □

MUSIC

Songs for the Sensitive

DANIEL J. SULLIVAN

THERE IS a lot to be said for outdoor concert-going, but little of it has to do with listening to music, not at Tanglewood, anyway. It has mostly to do with cool breezes, clear skies, picnic baskets, shirts without collars, and shoes without socks. The concert is merely a high-toned excuse for the gathering. Audiences understand that, and so does Tanglewood's management, although you'd probably be hard pressed to get anyone from either group to admit it. This is, after all, a shrine to high art, even if it could do no better than Peter, Paul, and Mary as the centerpiece of its Fourth of July celebration.

Tanglewood, a large old estate in western Massachusetts, is esteemed as the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and as a center for the study and performance of great music. It is undoubtedly a wonderful place for teachers, students, and professional musicians; it is just not so good for the paying customers.

This is because of the tension between the real purpose of the place and the need to pay for it all. On a recent sunny Monday morning, a visitor attracted by the sound of music across a lawn wandered into the barn-like concert hall and joined a dozen scattered spectators listening to a student orchestra rehearse under Seiji Ozawa, the Boston Symphony's longtime music director and principal conductor. Watching the enthusiasm and intensity of both students and conductor as they worked through Beethoven's *Egmont Overture* was all the proof one needed of Tanglewood's value.

But attendance at a premium-priced concert given by Emanuel Ax and Itzhak Perlman left music lovers in the audience feeling they'd been had. Thirty-five dollars bought a ticket in the five-thousand-seat Shed, from which vantage point one could see two tiny white-jacketed figures in the distance and hear them produce piano-like rumbles and tinkles and thin noises reminiscent of the violin. The thousands who had paid $10 apiece for lawn space around the Shed must have relied on messengers for reports of the concert's progress. Only a greedy management and a largely uncaring audience could consider that an evening of music. (If you go to Tanglewood, bring a picnic basket; the price of food there makes the concessionaires at baseball parks seem, by comparison, like public benefactors.)

It is not hard to imagine the think-

Mr. Sullivan works in corporate communications in New York.

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ing that led the management of Tanglewood to make Peter, Paul, and Mary the featured performers on the Fourth: they needed a "popular" offering to attract a big, well-behaved, greying crowd; and PP&M's music, while not actually good, would not offend the highfalutin' Tanglewood tone in the way that a rock concert would. PP&M's blend of strummed guitars, agitprop, and puerile romanticism is also thought (for reasons unaccountable) to be "folk" music, and therefore perfect for celebrating American Independence.

For the crowd's money, PP&M were a good choice. When the group, looking older and yet exactly the same, came onstage an hour before the concert to do a sound check, hundreds of people aged anywhere from 35 to seventy crowded the aisles near the stage in rapt, respectful attention, like patrons of a traveling museum exhibit.

The concert began with a song about (surprise) Nelson Mandela. "The blood's running warm across the ocean / I can hear the thunder roll . . ." They sang with shining faces, and followed with (surprise) "a Pete Seeger song" about world peace or something. Then "Puff, the Magic Dragon," which, in a great reversion to childhood, the audience lustily joined in singing.

Following their method of alternating political fatuousness with inane sentimentality, the group turned to El Salvador ("If the rebels take a ride on a bus one day / The government destroys a village miles away / . . . For a half-billion more they could do it right / Bomb all day and burn all night"). The audience loved it, but then this is Massachusetts.

RIGHT BOOKS

Comb through the works of just about any philosopher, particularly one as prolific as John Stuart Mill, and you're going to hit upon a few contradictions. Here for instance is Mill writing in his central work, *On Liberty*:

> The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual. . . . That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection.

Now listen to his observations on the radical French philosophers of the era:

> The very first and fundamental principle of [their] whole system, that government and the social union exist for the purpose of concentrating and directing all the forces of society to some one end . . . What a foundation for a political science this is! Government exists for all purposes whatever that are for man's good; and the highest and most important of these purposes is the improvement of man himself as a moral and intelligent being.

In a debate, the comparison would clearly have put Mill in a tough spot. And yet if this were the only point of Gertrude Himmelfarb's *On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill* (published in 1974 and lately reissued by ICS Press, 351 pp., $10.95), one could dismiss it as a captious attempt to belittle one of the great modern thinkers. But her argument goes well beyond that.

Despite a reputation as the archetypal modern rationalist, in *On Liberty* Mill contradicted just about everything he wrote before and after. Let error stand, he wrote in one of the book's many grand phrases, and "in the end" truth will emerge from the ongoing "collision of adverse opinions." The "raw material of human nature" was free of evil, and needed only to be shaped according to one's "personal impulses and preferences." And yet in other writings quoted at length by Miss Himmelfarb—many composed within months of *On Liberty*—we find Mill urging order, discipline, and reverence for tradition: "Temperate" and "fair-minded" debate could be tolerated provided "elevated things" were kept in view and society's fundamental tenets remained "above discussion."

As Miss Himmelfarb exhaustively presents it, the evidence of "schizophrenia" between the Mill of *On Liberty* and the more sober Mill is incontestable. It's as if de Sade had laid aside the sweat-stained manuscript of *Justine* to pen an eloquent tract on the case for continence—the difference being that Mill was not a fevered madman but the principal theorist of modern political thought. How could the author of *A System of Logic*, a man by all accounts one of the era's intellectual titans, contradict himself so wildly?

One explanation, according to Miss Himmelfarb, is simple browbeating at the hands of his wife and editor Harriet Taylor Mill, an early feminist, during their collaboration on *On Liberty*. To judge by Harriet's letters and extensive manuscript revisions, all accepted after meek protests, that ongoing collision of opinion so vital to the rest of society came to an abrupt end at the Mill doorstep. Left alone at home one day when an unexpected problem arose, we find the lovestruck logician in turmoil because, as he sniveled in a letter quoted by Miss Himmelfarb, "it is necessary that something should be decided immediately without waiting for the decision of my only guide and oracle." Advanced thinkers like themselves belonged to "a finer breed," his oracle assured him.

But the more profound explanation for Mill's inconsistencies, argues Miss Himmelfarb, is to be found in the ideas of *On Liberty* themselves. To subordinate all values to "Liberty" by means of "one very simple principle" is to exalt will over reason and enter a boundless field of contradiction. Just as statesmen today can lecture movingly on "community" and "family" while defending absolute "choice," so the upright Mill could declare bold new liberties confident they would be used only for "elevated things."

"He looked to liberty as a means of achieving the highest reaches of the human spirit," concludes Miss Himmelfarb. "He did not take seriously the possibility that men would also explore the depths of depravity." This was in 1974, and even now her examples of what extremes might emerge from the "collision of opinion"—licentious books, a controversial government report on homosexuality—seem dated.

Today one could cite better instances, such as the definitive formulation of Mill's doctrine offered recently by New York vulgarian Al Goldstein to *Newsday*. "There's a right to cablecast *anything*. The more offensive it is, the more right it has to exist," observed Mr. Goldstein—a still "finer breed" of progressive. "One man's obscenity is another man's indecency. One man's perversion is another man's religion."

—MATTHEW SCULLY

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PP&M devoted the second part of their show to solo turns, little chat-and-sing sessions. Peter proved to be the group's ideologue and deep thinker, talking and singing about a recent trip to Central America. (He didn't mention the elections in Nicaragua.) He rather obviously thinks himself a rather wonderfully sensitive person. And so he introduced at great length a song he had composed to offer solace to a woman dying of cancer. The chorus is worth repeating for its profound insight into human suffering: "With your face to the wind / I see you smilin' again. / Spirit's movin' within; / I know that you're gonna win." The audience sang along when he asked them to.

Paul, unfortunately, thinks he's funny, but proved he isn't. He did a long routine about guitar lessons, before singing an inoffensive love song, and then leaving the stage to M.

Mary talked about her height, her relationship with her daughter, her granddaughter (she brought along a poster-sized photo of the child), her Republican son-in-law, the dinner she gave for Daniel Ortega at her Seventh Avenue apartment, the addition she is building onto her Connecticut house, the . . . But the audience tired of this smug elitist radical monologue, and interrupted with rhythmic clapping and shouts of "Sing a song!" She obliged with something for her grandchild called "I'll Walk in the Rain by Your Side," ending with a generic dead-young-soldier anti-war song.

For the finale and for encores following a standing ovation, PP&M trotted out the warhorses: "If I Had a Hammer," "Blowin' in the Wind," and "This Land Is Your Land."

Why was this musically and politically tiresome group received so warmly by the audience? Perhaps because the act defines a sort of middle-class kitsch. The songs, while virtually indistinguishable from one another and of no musical value, are toe-tappers. The folk-guitar accompaniments sound sophisticated next to current radio fare, and the singers' voices are pleasant, in solo or in harmony.

And the nostalgia: they took the audience back twenty years or more, evoking memories of youth and good times, reveling in the myth of the Sixties, inviting the audience to share in their moral superiority. And the audience obliged, not because they agreed with the group's discredited politics, but because Americans are largely good-natured and muddle-headed, and want uncritically to be on the side of whatever sounds nice and looks good. Good-natured, muddle-headed Peter, Paul, and Mary sound as nice and look as good as can be. □

FILM

Droopy Loves Drippy

JOHN SIMON

LOVE, the saying goes, conquers all. But not, I must insist, stupidity, as David Lynch's new film, ***Wild at Heart***, amply demonstrates. And I don't mean just the stupidity of its main characters, Lula and Sailor, two near-imbecile juveniles who want nothing from life but continuous sprees and incontinent sex. I mean especially the stupidity of their

Alan Nahigian

creator, David Lynch [see "Weird America," p. 38]. For that is the overarching characteristic of his oeuvre, from *Eraserhead* through *The Elephant Man*, *Dune*, and *Blue Velvet*, to the current *Wild at Heart*. I can't speak about *Twin Peaks*, because the one thing I will not stoop to is TV soaps, regardless of how titillatingly unwashed. But I assume that television's self-censorship is powerfully craven enough to sanitize even the most unleashed minds.

Wild at Heart is a cul-de-sac of a road movie in which nothing leads anywhere or makes the barest minimum of sense. Sailor, a shiftless youth with an Elvis complex and prison record, and Lula, a benighted girl with a Marilyn fixation and a demented mother, set out on a wild drive from the Carolinas to California, pursued by the crazily jealous and vengeful mother's bravos (killers, not kudos) and beset by assorted *mauvaises rencontres*. They hit New Orleans, and get as far as Big Tuna, Texas, singing, dancing, fornicating, and exchanging loopy banalities all the way. (Sample: "I'm sorry, Sailor, but the ozone layer is disappearing.") In Tuna, Sailor gets involved in a robbery, is jailed again, but, after serving five years, ten months, and 21 days (the script is maniacally specific about prison terms), rejoins his woman and hitherto unseen son, and, after a brief contretemps, the three of them are off and running again.

This may sound harmless enough, but Lynch throws in every kind of imbecility, perversity, and disgustingness (most of them gratuitous) he can think of, with only the X rating the limit. If he were a less successful filmmaker—this garbage walked, or drove, off with the Golden Palm at Cannes—the movie might indeed have earned an X; as it is, something had to be snipped after Cannes. Why does Lynch win over juries and critics (audiences, alas, are beyond explication and help)? There is a clue in Lula's exclamation in a moment of postcoital pensiveness, "This whole world is wild at heart and weird on top." The typical movie reviewer is weaned on top but child (or infant) at heart.

Characteristic of the film is an incident at the Texas motel. Sailor is away on some fishy Tuna business while Lula, as is her wont, lolls around in bed awaiting their next sexual bout. Only lately she's been feeling queasy (it turns out she's pregnant) and when Sailor, returning, asks why it "smells so terrible," she calmly informs him she's thrown up on the rug. Neither of them makes the slightest move to clean up the mess, not even

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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when, for some time to come, every visitor comments on the stench.

To dot the *i* and turn the stomach, we are accorded a closeup of the vomit on the carpet, with cockroaches lushly swarming over it. What makes this extreme closeup especially memorable is that Frederick Elmes, Lynch's favorite cinematographer, has a low-angle shot that actually manages to shoot *up* at the cockroaches; it is not every cameraman and director that can stoop lower than a cockroach. As David Edelstein remarked in the *New York Post*, "That shot—and the fact that no one cleans [the puke] up, and that people remark for the next half-hour on how the room reeks—captures something of the *Wild at Heart* aroma. The images are so overripe, so lushly fetid, that you can almost smell the barf in every shot."

There is no need to review in detail this film that proffers a busted skull with the brain oozing out; a head (another one) blown off with part of it landing near the camera; a set of wired, brown, apocopated teeth on a smiling villain; a car-wreck victim spouting blood in a tight shot; a fellow getting his kicks out of cramming cockroaches into his underwear; Marietta, Lula's mother, smearing her entire face with lipstick till her head becomes a Halloween pumpkin—or, rather, tomato; as well as the odd form of sexual deviation, but kept carefully soft-core. If this stuff were integrated into some sort of schema; if it shed any sort of light, however lurid; if it created at least some plausible atmosphere, very well; but no, Lynch will have no truck with credibility, and uses Barry Gifford's trashy underlying novel only as an excuse for his own aberrations.

Though it may also be sick, Lynch's oeuvre is, above all, stupid. Thus in *The Elephant Man*, Lynch showed us the horribly misshapen hero's face, which the play (on which the film *claimed* not to be based) had the sense to spare us; a disfigurement, by the way, he quite unscientifically turned into a Dumbo head out of some demented version of Disney. Thus *Dune* was a film that could not be followed from one moment to the next. Thus *Blue Velvet*, though likewise utter nonsense, managed, because of its seeming novelty and a semblance of control, to garner almost unanimous raves.

In interviews, Lynch is always mild-mannered, self-effacing, platitudinous, and thoroughly boring. Are his movies, then, the forbidden fantasies of a psychotic Walter Mitty? Or are the interviews the canny dissemblings of a genuine sociopath? There may be a conundrum here, but the movies are too mindless to justify analyzing the mind behind them. "The way your head works is God's private mystery," says one character about another in *Wild at Heart*; it could be any one of them talking about any other. What *is* worth analyzing is the critical mind, which, though largely unimpressed by Lynch's latest, was almost without exception taken in by *Blue Velvet*.

The answer, I reiterate, is infantilism. Film critics—and I cannot in good conscience exempt myself, although I adduce as an extenuating circumstance that I also review most of the other arts—are childish. They spend their time on an art form (and, unlike some highbrows, I insist that it is one) that has lapsed far too early into its second childhood and, at least in America, seems to produce nothing but infantile violence, infantile sex, or infantile humor. To which, latterly, may be added infantile metaphysics: movies about persons who die and come back as ghosts to protect their loved ones or pleasurably scarify the audience, either way indulging folks for whom even this life may be more than they deserve with promises of an afterlife of which they are certifiably unworthy.

What makes Lynch's film incrementally inane is his casting of the three main characters: Sailor, Lula, and Marietta, her unhinged mother. Sailor is played by Nicholas Cage, an aggressively untalented and unprepossessing actor who owes his entry into films to being Francis Ford Coppola's nephew, and his persistence in them to the public's love of bestiality. Cage's acting, regardless of the role, is alternate moping and rant. The former accords with his slack-jawed, hangdog face; the latter, with his cracked-voiced, brutish speech. That audiences and reviewers find this appealing is surely one of God's private jokes, if not mysteries.

Even more admiration has been generated by Laura Dern of the beanpole body and totem-pole face. She, in turn, owes her presence in pictures to being the daughter of Bruce Dern and Diane Ladd—neither parent much to look at, and the daughter heir to the drawbacks of both. Papa, at any rate, is a good actor, but Laura is totally inept, as she conclusively proved in her brief venture onto the New York stage. She has had the good fortune to be cast in films as a dupe or a dummy, roles that were better served by her ephebic sexlessness than is the combustible Lula. Watching her and Cage repeatedly go at each other reminded me once again of how hard it is to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together.

The increasing tendency in movies (and elsewhere) to wallow in unsightliness reaches one of its apogees in Diane Ladd as Marietta: Laura Dern's real-life mother playing her on-screen one. Marietta is mad, but must she also be mannish, coarse-featured, and a ham? Much of the movie seems to

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The Freshman is an equation with nothing but unknowns. Brando's craft is less the actor's than the taxidermist's.

Gremlins 2: The New Batch is undeniably fun—a harmless and amiable spoof—but the film is too timid to be good satire.

Mo' Better Blues has formulaic storytelling, maniacal parallelism, and heavy-handed symmetry.

Presumed Innocent is not up to the book. Harrison Ford looks more and more like an Edsel.

Pretty Woman has to be seen to be disbelieved. Golden-hearted whores become honest, married lovers.

The Two Jakes glories in its deviousness and inscrutability. Jack Nicholson is no Roman Polanski.

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down! is Beauty and the Beast. Most reviewers failed to see that Almodovar was more wholesome than usual. —John Simon

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consist of improvisation, which merely encourages Miss Ladd to lay it on as thickly as her pancake makeup. But we live in an age in which the common man and woman, formerly enamored of the (however shallowly) glamorous stars of yesteryear, have switched their allegiance to the ugly; just how many truly good-looking actors and actresses can you cite today? The reason for this is beyond my present scope, but let me refer you to Oscar Wilde's preface to *Dorian Gray* and "the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass."

Furthermore, Lynch insists on using the vulgar and inept cinematographer Frederick Elmes (whom Vincent Canby, in his review of the film, calls Mark Plummer). As Bruce Beresford points out, *Blue Velvet* was not even correctly exposed, yet the critics raved about Elmes's camera work. Everything is shot in flat, unsubtle, generally primary colors, which, if deliberate, are in even worse taste than if not. And that supreme yahoo of the soundtrack, Angelo Badalamenti, has purveyed yet another of his trashy scores, affording persons of musical taste the opportunity to get sick without even having to look at the screen.

The final grossout for me—and the final proof of Lynch's debility—is the running parallel to *The Wizard of Oz*. Lula perceives herself as Dorothy on the Yellow Brick Road, sometimes even wearing the red shoes, and often seeing her mother as, literally, the Wicked Witch pursuing her and Sailor. The dialogue is studded with references to Oz, and the *deus ex machina* comes in the shape of the Good Witch descending in a soap bubble.

If you are still asking why the top prize-winner at Cannes should have been more cinemetic than cinematic, part of the answer may be the European, and more particularly French, attitude toward America. Out of a combination of envy and arrogance, Europeans love to see Americans make pigs and asses of themselves in their movies. It enables the Europeans to cling to a sense of superiority that grows daily less founded. Meanwhile our own audiences enjoy such movies as a spiritual mud bath. Love may be a great leveler, but muck is an even greater one. □

SOUND ON DISC

The Road Back to Music

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

I HAVE ALWAYS believed that considerations of time and place, of a composer's life and *ars musica* are secondary. The music and how it reaches us come first—unless we are musicologists or historians. That Mozart was occasionally foulmouthed, that Debussy was a boor and Brahms sexually twisted, that Beethoven in pique changed the dedication of the *Eroica*—these have little to do with what was set down on paper or how it is brought to us. That plainchant preceded *bel canto* does not qualify my response to the Gregorian. This is patently true but bears occasional repetition.

Take, for example, the fact that Arnold Schoenberg's music leaves me cold. It is necessary to note that he was as much the prisoner of his "12-tone syntax" as its master—and that his theories were a Procrustean bed, limiting him to a combination of Germanic didacticism and Talmudic rigidity. But what the 12-tone cluster and the determined atonality that robs dissonance of its meaning and pleasure do to the specific compositions is there in the score and its rendition. Schoenberg's Serenade Op. 24 and his Chamber Symphony Op. 9, as they were respectfully played and recorded at the fortieth Marlboro Music Festival, of which Rudolf Serkin was director, adumbrate a paradox: that to get anything out of the music, you must listen so tensely that you are robbed of any enjoyment. Its harsh and unyielding measures may say something to technocrats with slide rules—but I would hate to be one of the performers. In the Serenade, the essence of Schoenberg is distilled by a *basso* coping with a setting of a Petrarch sonnet translated, of all things, into German! (Sony Classical SMK 45894.)

What delight then in turning to Bela Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*—according to Serge Koussevitsky, who commissioned and premiered it in 1944, "the best work of the last 25 years." It is a work of brilliance and color, of warmth and harmonic generosity, of what in another *genre* we would call swing—and let us not forget that Bartok wrote a clarinet trio for Benny Goodman. The "modern" elements are here—but not as exercises in torture. The dissonance is warranted and graceful, and, *mirabile dictu*, the final movement includes a fugue. This is Bartok's finest work and explains why since his death in 1946 his compositions have been heard increasingly in the concert hall and his reputation among musicians and the public has been steadily rising. Coupled with the concerto is a suite based on his *The Miraculous Mandarin*, a powerful and sardonic work which had a *succès de scandale* because of what was considered a too sexually explicit libretto in the 1920s, though pallid by today's standards. The performance by Zubin Mehta and the Berlin Philharmonic is both solid and exciting. (Sony Classical SK 45748.)

In his lifetime, Bartok was criticized for an alleged lack of technical originality. Gabriel Fauré, a post-Romantic rather than a "modern," was sometimes patronized as an "unconventional traditionalist" who did not break with the past but built on it. You will find in him an extraordinary, and extraordinarily beautiful, melodic sense, and a subtlety of rhythm (and cross-rhythms), derived from the French tradition, which softened the downbeat of the measure and lengthened the phrase. But above all there is a quality of grace and sincerity, and a lack of that assertiveness which led Berlioz at times to take the listener by the scruff and shake him. A new recording of Fauré's Piano Quartet Op. 15 and the Trio Op. 120, written two years before his death, bears all these qualities. The Beaux Arts Trio, performing with skill and sensitivity, is particularly felicitous in the *adagio* of the piano quartet (in which it is augmented by pianist Menahem Pressler)—the strings speaking separately to each other and to the rich harmonies of the piano, with strength, serenity, and the otherworldliness of Fauré's *Requiem*. (Philips 422 350-2.)

Is it true that Bruckner's sympho-

Mr. Toledano is an NR *contributing editor and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*

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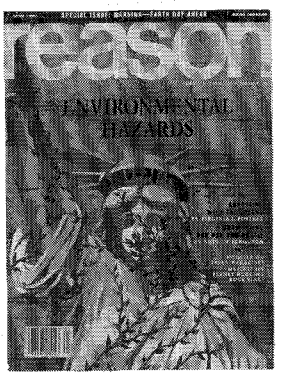

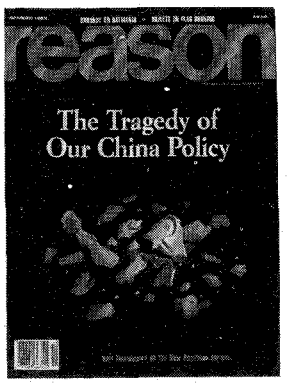

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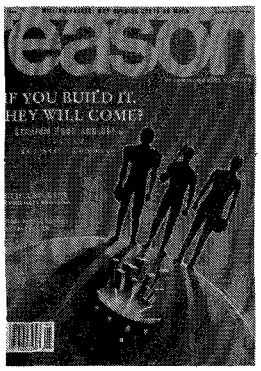

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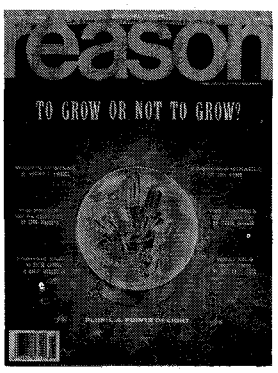

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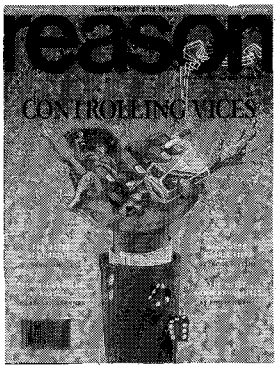

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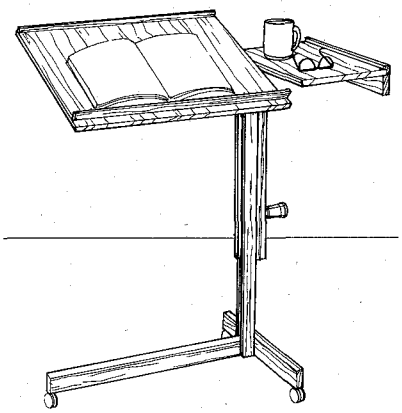

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nies were intended, as Virgil Thomson once remarked, to "open up the heavens and bring down the house"? Is the religiosity of his music comparable to that of an Easter service at Radio City Music Hall? Is he nothing more than an amalgam of the more soothing elements in Brahms and Wagner? To all three questions I would answer emphatically in the negative. True, he can be downgraded for the ease of his melodic and harmonic structures. True, he must bear the stigma of appealing largely to audiences rather than musicologists. And true, there is none of the self-torture of Mahler in his religiosity. You have only to listen to the opening of his Symphony No. 4 and its haunting horn theme to be convinced of the merits of this peasant turned composer and to the richness of his talents—and, as the symphony progresses, of the validity of his achievement. Of all his symphonies, I prefer No. 4, and this preference is heightened by the reading it gets from Riccardo Chailly and the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, who drive the score to its majestic coda. (London 425 613-2.)

It is quite a leap even from Bruckner and Fauré to Mozart—although Fauré understood Mozart far better than, let us say, Toscanini. (Arturo could make the overture to the *Magic Flute* sound like a cavalry charge.) "Mozart's music is particularly difficult to perform," Fauré once remarked. "His admirable clarity exacts absolute cleanness; the slightest incorrectness stands out like black on white." And he quoted Saint-Saëns, who opposed passionate embellishments of the classics: "[Mozart's] is music in which all the notes must be heard"—something which the decriers of the "early music" movement find naïve.

In the *Great Mass in C Minor*, however, no complete autograph score exists; and what we hear today has been put together from Mozart's notes, from individual parts, and with the educated guesses of creative conductors and musicians. Fortunately, they have not laid hands on the *Et incarnatus est*, one of the most beautiful ariosos in the catalogue of music. The finest recording of the *Great Mass* was made many years ago by the Haydn Society, but there have been others that come close to matching it. The latest is by the Academy of Ancient Music, with the Winchester College Quiristers and the Winchester Cathedral Choir, conducted impeccably by Christopher Hogwood. Until the Haydn Society version, long out of print, is transferred to CD, Hogwood's will be the best we have. (Editions de l'Oiseau Lyre 425 528-2 OH.)

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DELECTATIONS

Styles of Eating, Then and Now

NIKA HAZELTON

ONE FALL some years ago, I decided to go south for a bit of sun, and so found myself driving from New York City to Florida. When I reached Asheville, North Carolina, I was overcome by the desire to see two local sights, namely the grave of Thomas Wolfe (author of *Look Homeward, Angel*, a book which was then in fashion, and which I loved)

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(Continues on page 52)

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and the Vanderbilt estate, Biltmore.

The famous entrepreneur George Vanderbilt (a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt), described simply as a "capitalist" in my guidebook, had bought thousands of acres in this lovely region, and built on them a great house, surrounded by farms, vineyards, and a wildlife preserve, no less. The estate eventually went to his grandson, a Mr. Cecil, who, as I learned later, developed a winery there in the Seventies, said to be the most-visited winery in the United States.

Meanwhile, according to the guide who took me around the estate, the Vanderbilts who earlier lived in the beautiful house entertained a lot, and particularly liked to travel by horse-drawn buggies to various scenic spots to picnic. It crossed my mind that by that time—the early 1900s—electric automobiles would have been available, but no doubt horse-drawn buggies were far more romantic.

There was nothing casual about these picnics, according to the guide. Members of the household staff came along to cook and serve the food, which, in line with the tastes of those days, was rich and plentiful—overplentiful, I thought with a shudder, as I was told of a typical menu of soup, chicken salad, cold cuts, and lobster-and-mayonnaise sandwiches. But then, the Victorian upper classes enjoyed eating in a way that we moderns no longer do.

In fact, as I think of all the fast-food places that have pushed out grocery stores in New York, I can't help wondering if we really care about food at all. On the other hand, there is the reaction to Julia Child's current campaign. Thousands cheered Mrs. Child for her speech in defense of old-fashioned dining, with food made tasty with butter and cream.

Mrs. Child made that same defense in a separate sheet that came with her new cookbook for Knopf. The book was priced at $50, which I think excessive for a cookbook (I admit to giving my copy away to someone on whom I thought it would make a good impression). I suspect that her publishers decided—and they may very well be right—that Mrs. Child is so highly regarded in food circles for her role in introducing Americans to French food, as one of the authors of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* thirty years ago, that people would not mind paying all that money for her new book.

Then again, though it has always struck me as quite funny when my husband says he does not like French food, I have come to realize that he is far from alone. Most Americans would doubtless prefer the Vanderbilts' style of food—though not the quantity. □

Mrs. Hazelton, an NR *contributing editor, is author of* Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time *(Harper & Row).*

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SOBRAN

(Continued from page 40)

slasher movies. They contain indefensible obscenities, but their spirit is monogamous. They move in dangerous territory, but they know right from wrong.

Society doesn't have many secrets left. Individuals do, but each of us knows in principle how strange any of the others may be. In Lynch's films, "normal" is something you act, not something you effortlessly are, and private and secret selves spill out unpredictably. Closely observed, nobody is average. When he keeps this intuition under control, Lynch is funny, scary, and utterly riveting. His awareness of human queerness gives him acres of territory all to himself. His refusal to turn it into a statement means you can't outguess him. Even *he* seems not to know what happens next.

Still, what magic! Life *is* awfully weird, now that you mention it—in America and elsewhere. Someone has noticed! Someone with a camera and an imagination and the wit to spot the specifically American expressions of it, without being anti-American in his attitude toward it all. He'll bear watching. □

CLASSIFIEDS

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(Continued from page 51)

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LEFTISM OR FREEDOM? Historian and *NR* contributor Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn speaks on "Crisis in Europe's East." Reading, Pa., Oct. 16. Dinner reservations $20; 215-385-3486.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 N	2 J	■	3 G	4 E	5 O	6 C	■	7 A	8 F	9 D	10 P	11 Q	12 M	13 I	14 L	15 H	16 E	■	17 R	18 S	19 A
20 O	21 D	22 F	■	23 U	24 P	25 L	■	26 G	27 F	28 M	29 U	30 N	31 A	32 C	33 D	34 E	35 I	■	36 J	37 Q	38 R
39 O	■	40 H	41 N	42 S	43 K	44 F	■	45 J	46 G	47 C	■	48 L	49 S	50 N	51 H	52 M	53 J	54 I	55 D	56 O	57 K
■	58 D	59 F	60 J	61 R	■	62 O	63 T	64 P	■	65 G	66 C	67 H	68 A	69 R	70 K	71 Q	■	72 C	73 L	74 A	■
75 N	76 S	77 O	78 J	79 F	80 I	81 K	82 R	■	83 M	84 G	■	85 J	86 Q	87 E	88 P	89 U	90 F	91 O	92 S	93 N	■
94 D	95 A	96 C	■	97 R	98 L	99 H	100G	101D	■	102I	103P	104J	105K	106C	■	107E	108P	■	109R	110S	■
111T	112J	113D	114N	115I	116E	117S	118O	■	119D	120H	121M	122F	■	123Q	124M	125B	126U	■	127T	128B	129E
130J	■	131B	132P	■	133C	134N	135B	136I	137A	138D	139G	■	140R	141K	142J	143I	■	144L	145H	■	146I
147P	148F	149K	150B	151C	■	152R	153S	■	154P	155E	■	156Q	157G	158E	■	159U	160B	161Q	162A	163O	164L
165F	166N	167R	■	168C	169O	170B	171M	■	172A	173K	174E	175N	176B	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A. Medusa of the sea — 19 7 137 68 74 172 162 31 95

B. What Martin Luther King wanted to do — 131 150 176 170 135 128 125 160

C. Crooked contractor's favorite deal — 133 168 96 66 6 106 151 72 47 32

D. Descriptive of putting oneself in another's shoes — 101 58 9 138 94 119 55 113 33 21

E. With great force — 87 34 107 116 129 155 4 174 158 16

F. Overnight visitor — 148 165 27 90 122 79 59 44 8 22

G. Inner-city renter of shame — 26 100 46 3 157 84 139 65

H. Famed Seminole chief — 145 40 67 51 99 15 120

I. Constantinople, formerly — 146 143 115 13 35 102 80 136 54

J. Reparation for loss — 85 2 60 142 78 130 104 36 112 45 53

K. What Iraq's Hussein is — 173 141 105 81 43 70 149 57

L. Every evening — 73 164 48 98 144 14 25

M. Dizzying James Stewart vehicle — 121 171 52 83 12 28 124

N. Job-seeker's sessions — 114 166 93 134 75 50 41 30 1 175

O. In George Bush's book, it goes with kindness — 163 91 56 39 77 169 62 20 118 5

P. Play the buttinsky — 154 24 64 147 103 132 10 88 108

Q. Draws out — 161 86 156 11 37 71 123

R. Mubarak's predecessor (full name) — 152 82 97 69 17 167 109 140 38 61

S. Gibberish — 92 49 117 153 76 42 110 18

T. Lettuce variety —grown on the cob in Connecticut — 111 63 127

U. Like some beavers — 126 23 29 89 159

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 51 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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The Professor's Lament

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24

The professor writes to the *New York Times* op-ed page to complain. The immediate cause of this open letter to Mr. Bush is the departure of the professor's son, age 21, for Saudi Arabia. The professor bitterly resents this event, and it occurs to the reader to wonder, just to begin with, what the professor told his son when his son signed up for the Marines. Why did he do it?

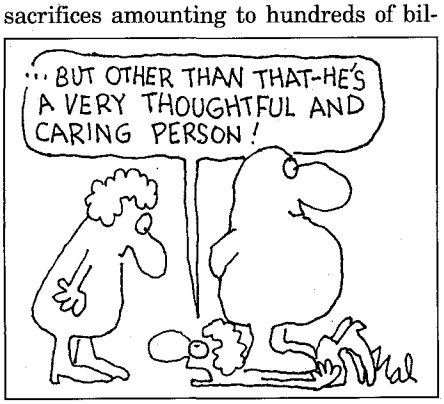
"They [the professor's son and his fellow soldiers] joined the Marines as a way of earning enough money to go to college." It would strike most Americans that the young Marine had made a bargain, the terms of which are roughly as follows: "If you, the taxpayers, will pay the bill for my going to college, I will submit to two years in the Marines during which I will lead a most unpleasant life in various U.S. camps, rising with the dawn, marching much of the day, and submitting to military discipline. Moreover, I run the risk of being sent to a trouble spot, and even the risk of being shot at." There doesn't seem to be much point in having a Marine Corps (or a Navy, or an Air Force, or an Army) if such forces aren't there to be used when an emergency arises.

These considerations do not affect the professor's reasoning in any apparent way. He writes, "While visiting my son I had a chance to see him pack his chemical-weapons suit and try on his body armor. I don't know if you've ever had this experience, Mr. President. I hope you never will." One wonders where the professor has been. No, it isn't likely that Mr. Bush will need to don a chemical suit since, at age 66, he is unlikely to be called for active duty. As for body armor, we don't know whether he wears it or not, but, proportionally, as many Presidents of the United States have been shot at as Marines. And then the professor wonders whether George Bush has ever had "this experience." And again one wonders. Is the professor the only man in the United States who is unaware that Mr. Bush was shot down in a fighter plane, having volunteered for military duty before he was drafted? And before there was a GI Bill? And that he flew 58 missions off an aircraft carrier?

Then the professor turns to Big Think, as befits a professor. ". . . if American diplomacy hadn't been on vacation for the better part of a decade, we wouldn't be in the spot we are today. Where were you, Mr. President, when Iraq was killing its own people with poison gas? Why, until the recent crisis, was it business as usual with Saddam Hussein, the man you now call a Hitler?"

Vietnam taught us, among other things, that the United States can deplore the suppression of human rights (the Reagan Administration deplored the atrocities against the Kurds) without sending in the Marines. The diplomacy under the preceding Administration led to the hostage crisis that was one of the causes for ejecting Mr. Carter from office. What is the professor trying to say, that the Marines should have been dispatched against Saddam Hussein earlier? And against the Ethiopians? And the Cambodians? And the Sudanese? And the Burmese? And the Central African Republic? And Liberia? Nigeria? Hell, China? Russia?

The professor has a hard time thinking. "You diluted gas-mileage requirements for cars and dismantled federal energy policy. And now you have ordered my son to the Middle East. For what? Cheap gas?" A quietus was imposed on the crazy energy policies of President Carter because they had resulted in a) a huge increase in the price of fuel, with sacrifices amounting to hundreds of billions of dollars, including large increases in the cost of going to college; plus b) episodic scarcities of fuel that almost certainly saw the professor spending a lot of time on gas lines. To say that the President's policy toward the Mideast is designed to ensure cheap oil is on the order of saying that the ACLU's policies are designed to ensure cheap paper.



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The professor caps his piece by quoting a young Marine, a companion of his son. "As we parted he wished us well and said, 'May God forgive us for what we are about to do.'" Sorry, professor, but this sentence, allegedly coming from a young Marine, belongs only in that department of *The New Yorker* headed, "Words We Doubt Ever Got Uttered."

The professor teaches education at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. When our Marines have done their duty in the Persian Gulf, I'm for sending them to Milwaukee, where it seems we have at least as much to worry about as from Saddam Hussein. □

On Un-Americanism

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27

The rumblings continue. In the *Charlotte Observer* in July a cartoon was published depicting Christ holding a plate with a loaf of bread. He is saying, "Take this all of you and eat it . . . unless you're pro-choice or divorced or gay or on birth control or . . ." And then, alongside the figure of Christ, the comment: "If Jesus were a Catholic bishop . . ."

The current hostilities began last year in San Diego, where the bishop instructed a woman running for office and urging abortion so to speak on state vending machines that she was no longer permitted to receive Communion, it being a rule in the Catholic Church that in order to receive Communion one needs to be "in a state of grace," which is to say, not sinning against the principal commandments of the Church, one of them being that to take the life of an unborn child is sinful, the derivative of which would be that to urge the taking of the life of an unborn child is to be an accessory to sin.

After San Diego came the statement by New York's Cardinal O'Connor that Catholics who advocated choice should reflect on the question whether they were positioning themselves for excommunication, which is what happens when a Catholic violates a capital law of the Church. Then (Round 3) the bishop of Camden, New Jersey, announced that

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any politician who was pro-choice could not be honored at Catholic gatherings, the logic being that if you favor slavery, you are not qualified to address an emancipation rally.

Now this last triggered from the editorial-page editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* a paragraph of interesting implications. David Boldt wrote that "[The bishops'] efforts reflect a lack of understanding as to just how delicate the balance between church and state is . . . The Roman Catholic Church, it needs to be remembered, is quite literally an *un-American* institution. It is not democratic. The church's views on due process and on the status of women, to name just a couple of key issues, are sharply at odds with those that inform the laws of American secular society. And its principal policies are established by the Vatican in Rome."

Now that is the biggest mouthful on that general subject since Paul Blanshard's best-sellers making the same point forty years ago. The operative theis of those who reason in this way is hat John F. Kennedy saved the Catholic Church by promising that, if elected President, he would totally ignore the act of being a Catholic.

The first point to make here is that very religion is *un-American* if it is conceded that Mr. Boldt used that term correctly. The trouble with "un-American" s that it suggests anti-American, as in, he House Committee on Un-American Activities. But of course it would be difficult to make that point convincingly given that the gentlemen who stitched this country together were almost all of them religiously committed folk, so that the term "extra-American" suggests itself, if you are looking for a word that acknowledges another authority than that of Congress and the courts to govern your behavior.

It is of course a mistake to suppose that the Catholic Church is unique in this respect. In fact, one can't think of any religion, Christian or non-Christian, that turns over to the state final authority in that world in which conscience reigns. Before the Civil War, it was the law of the Constitution, of Congress, and of the courts that it was morally permissible to own slaves. The Quakers (among others) said it was not morally permissible to own slaves, and if the Quaker Community voted to exclude, not from its company (that would have been un-Christian, and anti-Christian) but from its board of directors, the neighboring slave-owner, it could do so, and increasingly did, without being thought un-American. It is hard to have respect for any religion that wouldn't, hypothetically, oppose even laws that might be enacted by due process.

The Catholic Church has no reason to exist, save to preach the word of the Lord as interpreted by the authorities it honors. I reach for the exact term when I say that to hold to the contrary, in a country that guarantees freedom of religion, is un-American. □

On Trying To Save Connecticut

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3

It surprised everybody that Massachusetts went from being the best-governed state in the Union like on Monday (when Mr. Dukakis was nominated) to being all but bankrupt on Tuesday (when Mr. Dukakis lost, and the data silted up). It is similar with Connecticut, except that although the data are there in the midday sun, almost bleached from exposure, not all that many people are paying attention to them, if you don't count unemployed people in Connecticut, businesses that are languishing, and people trying to sell their houses, or pay their taxes, which are, in Connecticut, higher than they have ever been.

All of this was done under the aegis of another Dukakis, Democratic Governor William O'Neill. It was done, moreover, in almost record time: indeed one wonders whether Juan Perón *and* Evita could have spent money faster. In the years 1984–87, Connecticut ran a surplus of $1.4 billion. Governor O'Neill and his Democratic House and Senate turned that into a $700-million deficit even as they levied new, unprecedented taxes. In 1984, state spending was $3.6 billion per year. It is now $7.4 billion. Back in 1984 the state had the lowest unemployment rate in the country. Unemployment now exceeds the national average for the first time in 13 years. There is no state income tax in Connecticut, but the legislature has done its best to make up for it, matching the highest sales tax in the country, the highest capital-gains tax, unearned-income tax, inheritance tax . . . Mobile Connecticut citizens who have an estate to pass on routinely go elsewhere to live when they see the shadow of the grim reaper in their medical records.

Who is going to save Connecticut?

The incredible actually happened. Lowell Weicker, who served three terms in the United States Senate and was finally eased out of office, in part by people who had developed an allergy to a brand of left-wing pomposity that drove some otherwise imperturbable people quite mad every time he gave a speech. Anyway, having announced after his defeat by Joseph Lieberman in 1988 that he was retiring from public life, he announced this spring that he would run for governor of Connecticut. But Mr. Weicker did not ask for the Republican nomination. He will run, he said, as an Independent. Having all but ruined Republicanism in Connecticut, he is doing his best to discredit independence. After his entry into the race, uncharacteristically, he said practically nothing else. When asked when would he unveil his tax policy, on which so much hangs, he gave it out that he would do this two months after he was inaugurated as governor. One newspaper proposed postponing the election that long to give him time to tell the people how he would run the state *before* they voted for him.

Since then, Mr. Weicker has made vague statements in vague directions, under great pressure; and, after intensive pressure, released most of his tax returns, confirming that he is a very wealthy man, safe from the ravages of Connecticut's tax policies. On one point he was adamant in declining to reveal details: He told the press he felt under no obligation to reveal to ex-wife #1 what alimony he was paying to ex-wife #2, or vice versa. And of course this isn't really any business of residents of Connecticut, though they may resent it that they are receiving no alimony at all from Mr. Weicker after 18 years in the Senate.

Congressman John Rowland, the Republican candidate, began 33 points behind Weicker, but the gap has closed now to 12 points. The young (he is 33) congressman is very bright, thorough, ingenious, popular in a Democratic constituency (Waterbury), and has detailed positions on taxes (no increase), the economy (state husbandry), health care (reform), the environment (lift the current official grade of D to A), crime (capital punishment, and workfare), drugs (no nonsense), abortion (he is pro-choice), education (pro-choice, against forced busing). He suffers, like his Democratic counterpart, Congressman Morrison (who is engaged in a primary fight with a professor in love with the income tax), from that odd reluctance of Connecticut to give general recognition to any resident of the state who isn't a governor or a senator or Paul Newman. But those in Connecticut suffering from the recession will gravitate to John Rowland, and that means the majority. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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OFF THE RECORD

Gerry II. Ever wonder what happened to Geraldine Ferraro, the "housewife" from Queens? Conservative Representative Hank Brown (R., Colo.) found out when he hit the campaign trail in his attempt to capture the Senate seat being vacated by the retiring Bill Armstrong. Walter Mondale's former running-mate showed up to endorse Congressman Brown's opponent, Josie Heath. Miss Heath, who is to the left of Colorado Representative Pat Schroeder, has been the subject of some controversy for her failure to report all her campaign contributions —most notably $1,000 from Jane Fonda's Hollywood Women's Political Action Committee in March, and $4,000 from the same group in April.

And Miss Ferraro? At her appearance on behalf of Miss Heath, she said she had come to Denver because "it's important to have someone in the Senate who will look carefully" at issues such as abortion when they consider candidates for the Supreme Court. Miss Ferraro's ideological affinity with Miss Heath notwithstanding, Cato wonders if her appearance in Denver has more to do with the fact that in 1984 Mr. Brown, then a member of the House ethics committee, filed the sole dissenting statement when that committee urged no further action against Geraldine Ferraro for violating financial-disclosure laws.

Housing Police. When Congress approved the Walker–Armstrong amendment, few thought it would—or could—be enforced. This amendment directs the Department of Housing and Urban Development to kill community-development grants to cities that lack policies preventing police brutality against nonviolent demonstrators. It is a novel provision, with no explicit enforcement mechanism, and the chief beneficiaries would be protestors outside abortion clinics.

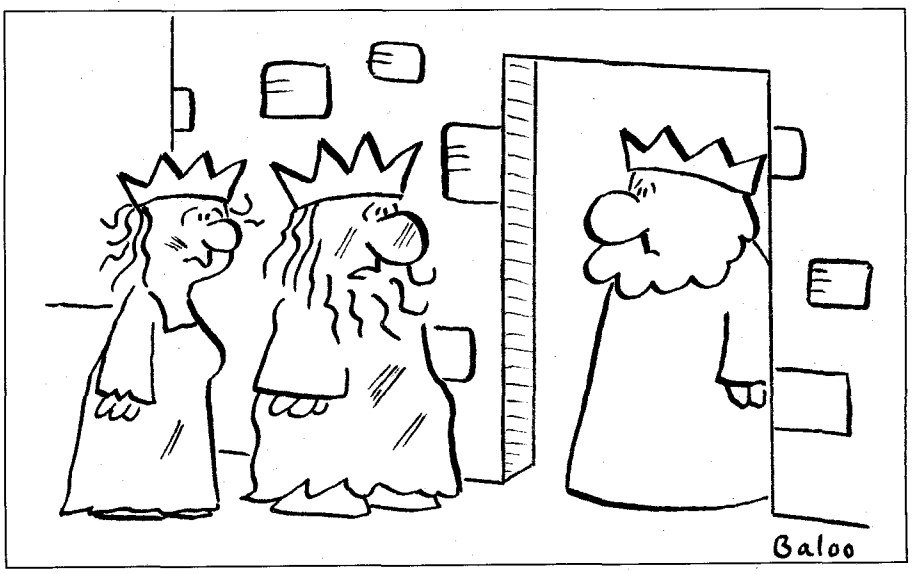
The doubters should think again. Cato has learned that HUD officials are investigating brutality charges against Monmouth County, N.J., cops for allegedly bashing Operation Rescue activists at a January sit-in at a New Jersey clinic. Other investigations are also set to be launched, and if the charges are confirmed we expect HUD Secretary Jack Kemp, a staunch pro-lifer, to cut off the funds.

Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes? The Capital Research Center, a free-market think tank in Washington, has just released a study entitled *The Age Lobby: Mortgaging America's Future*, which calls into question the lobbying efforts of such groups as the American Association of Retired Persons. Over the years CRC has made a name for itself by showing how corporations donate heavily to left-wing causes (see "How Big Business Bankrolls the Left," by William T. Poole, *NR*, March 10, 1989).

Those targeted are fighting back, and not always fairly. When CRC released a study earlier in the summer on health-research charities (e.g., the American Cancer Society), the organization's chairman, Willa Johnson, received a phone call from Mr. Benjamin Cohen, with the impressive-sounding title of Senior Majority Counsel for the House Committee on Energy and Commerce Subcommittee on Transportation and Hazardous Materials. He asked a number of questions about the Center's funding—focusing particularly on whether tobacco companies gave money—and reminded Miss Johnson that Congress "has the ultimate power to request this information . . . including subpoena power."

Sure enough, less than two weeks later CRC received a letter from Subcommittee Chairman Thomas A. Luken, asking for detailed accounts of the Center's funding, whom it called during the study, its relation to the Washington Legal Foundation, etc. At this writing CRC has refused to comply, and Messrs. Cohen and Luken have not issued a subpoena.

Jesse Gets a Job. In addition to trying to use his good offices with Middle Eastern despots, Jesse Jackson (D., Nowhere) now seeks employment as the "shadow senator from the District of Columbia." Thus far the chief obstacle is that this is an office that does not yet exist, though an election date has been set. Undaunted, Reverend Jackson plods on, hoping that such a position would serve as a platform for his own eccentric views. But word is that winning the election might not mean all that much anyway. Cato hears that Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell has cut a deal with Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole to exclude any shadow senator from office space, franking privileges, or recognition, without which he will have as much official status in the Senate as, say, Cato. —CATO



"Could you put us up for a few days? We got overthrown."

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NUCLEAR ENERGY: VITAL TO U.S. SECURITY

Before August 2, Americans saw little reason to worry about energy or the Middle East. But the Iraqi blitzkreig into tiny Kuwait reminded us of the frightening volatility of Mideast politics, and the folly of importing half of all the oil we use.

Our heavy dependence on foreign oil is aggravated by another related energy problem: demand for electricity is growing faster than new supplies are being added. Reliable service is suffering in parts of the U.S. and we're using more imported oil to supply electricity. Will it take a full-scale crisis, like widespread blackouts and oil cutoffs, before we do something?

One reason why the U.S. is so vulnerable to energy crises is the lack of a coherent, long-range energy policy. President Bush has asked the Department of Energy to formulate a National Energy Strategy, one that "must balance ... our increasing need for energy at reasonable prices, our commitment to a safer and healthier environment, our determination to maintain an economy that is second to none, and our goal to reduce dependence ... on potentially unreliable energy suppliers ..."

Nuclear energy is one of the few available energy sources that meets the President's objectives. As a major part of our National Energy Strategy, nuclear energy can help steer the nation away from an energy crisis and toward the security that will free us from the whims of foreign nations.

Nuclear Energy Fosters Energy Independence. In 1989, we imported over 40 percent of our oil, at a cost of $860 million per week – about 40 percent of last year's $109 billion trade deficit. These staggering figures would be even worse without America's 112 nuclear energy plants. Since the 1973 oil embargo, U.S. nuclear energy plants have saved us 4.3 billion barrels of oil and $125 billion in foreign oil payments. These savings continue to mount, and new nuclear energy plants can help assure more energy independence.

Nuclear Energy Spurs Economic Growth. There is a clear, continuing relationship between electricity and economic growth. Since 1973, our Gross National Product has grown 51 percent, while electrical consumption has grown 54 percent. In contrast, use of non-electric forms of energy actually fell by six percent. Nuclear energy has a key role to play in fueling future economic growth. It has supplied 36 percent of all new electricity since 1973, and today, nuclear energy is our second-largest source of electricity, behind coal.

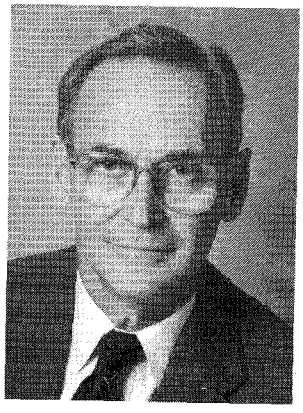
Nuclear Energy Meets Our Energy Demands. Both the U.S. economy and electrical demand are expected to grow at 2 to 3 percent each year until the end of the decade. But planned new electrical generating capacity will not meet that growth. Some utilities have already experienced demand not expected until the mid-1990s. As electricity supplies tighten, we'll need every secure generating source, including nuclear energy, to maintain reliability. And we must avoid increasing the use of oil to generate that electricity. Unfortunately, our use of oil to generate electricity has grown by more than 34 percent in the past two years.

Nuclear Energy Protects The Environment. Nuclear energy is one of the cleanest sources of electricity available for large-scale use. Last year, nuclear electric plants reduced U.S. sulfur dioxide emissions by 5 million tons, nitrogen oxide emissions by two million tons, and carbon dioxide emissions by 128 million tons The small volume of waste generated by nuclear energy plants has been safely managed at plant sites in steel-lined storage pools, posing no threat to the environment.

Nuclear Energy Saves Consumers Money. Since 1973, U.S. nuclear energy plants have saved consumers $45 billion compared to the other fuels – coals, oil and natural gas – that would otherwise have been used to supply electric power. New advanced-design nuclear plants that can be built in the 1990s will be cost-competitive with coal-fired electricity, and will provide electricity cheaper than either oil or gas-fired plants.

Nuclear Energy Has Public Support. Eighty-three percent of Americans say nuclear energy will be important in meeting our future electricity needs, and almost the same number believe the U.S. will need more nuclear energy plants. Nearly 70 percent say we should use more nuclear energy to combat the problem of greenhouse gas emissions and global warming. And, by more than 2-to-1, Americans prefer using more nuclear energy over importing more oil.

Clearly, Americans recognize the many benefits of nuclear energy, and are counting on its benefits in the future. The National Energy Strategy should allow nuclear energy to serve the needs of our country, including reducing our dependence on unstable foreign governments. By ensuring a strong future for nuclear energy, our policymakers will be helping to assure a bright energy future for Americans.



Harold B. Finger
President and Chief Executive Officer
U.S. Council For Energy Awareness

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